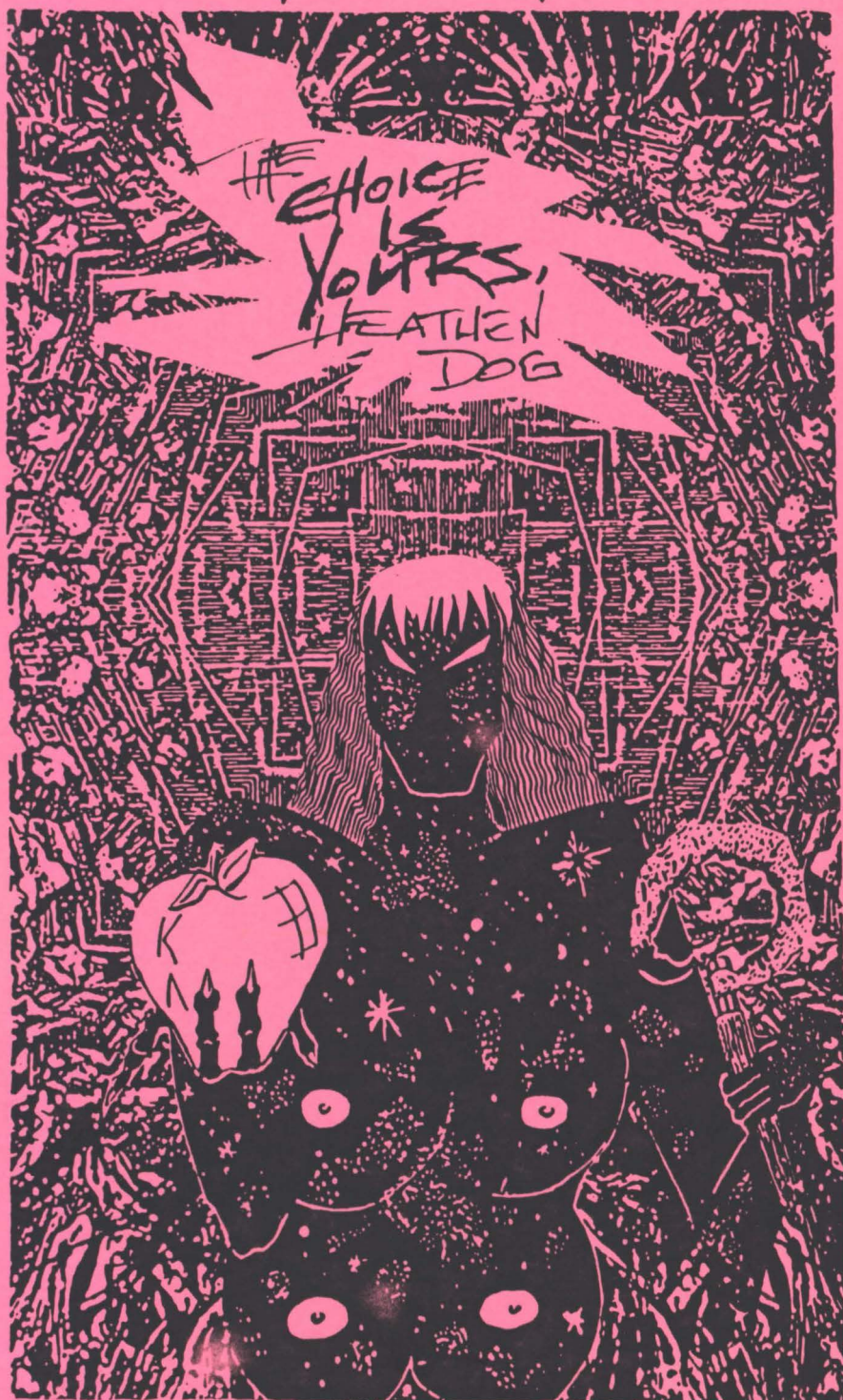
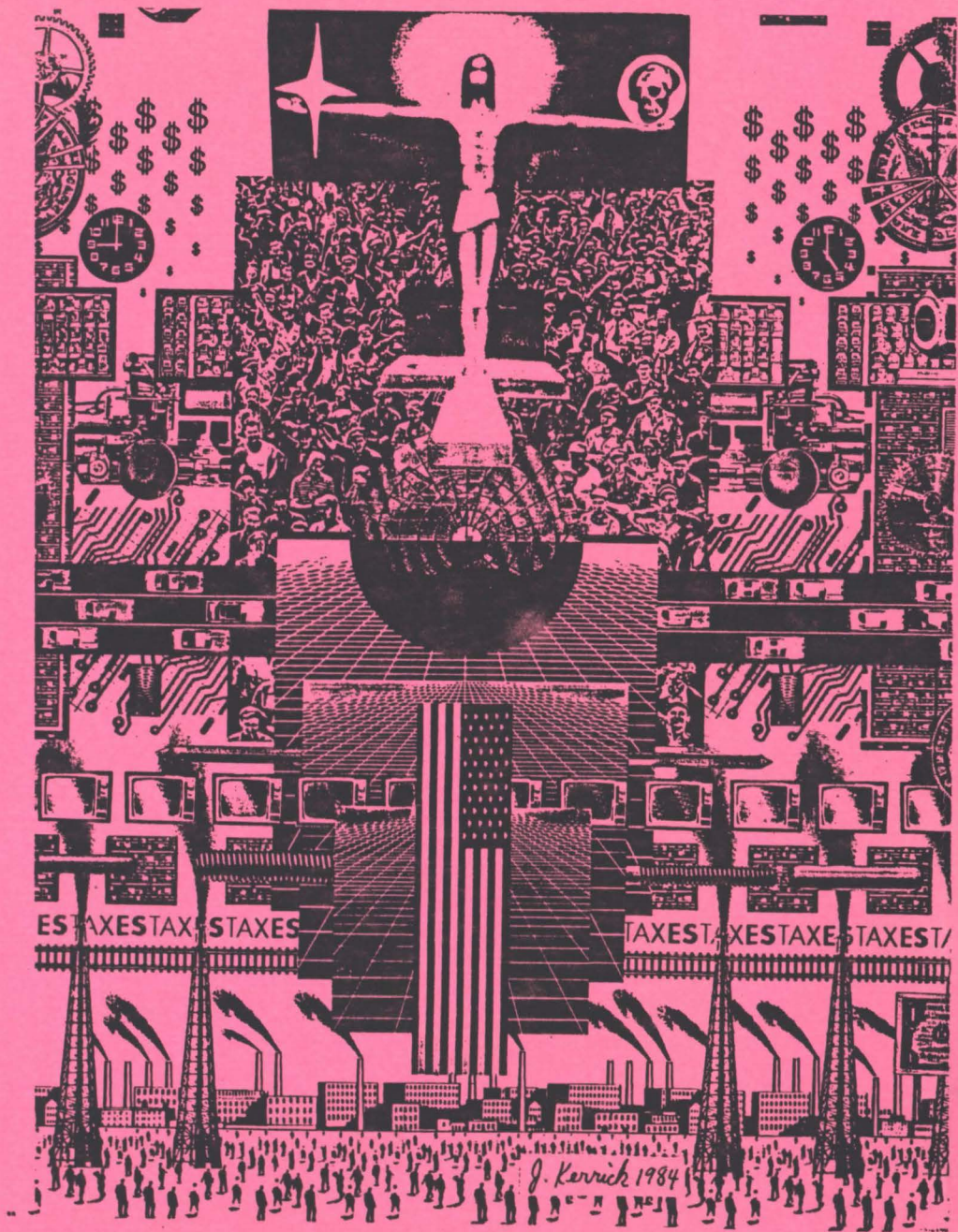


ΔHARMA COMBAT #12





**"The Few,
The Proud,
The Opinionated..."**
--Joe Cabot

This is DHARMA COMBAT #12 - a magazine about spirituality, metaphysics, reality, and other conspiracies. The staff does not necessarily agree with the loose talk in these pages, but they don't necessarily disagree, either. If you're wondering, the size change is due to the fact that some of our distributors had trouble handling the larger format.

SINGLE COPY PRICE: \$3.00.

SUBSCRIPTIONS are available for 12 bucks per year (4 issues), Payable to Kelth, P.O. Box 20593, Sun Valley, NV 89433. Add one buck per copy for outside US and be thankful for it. We trade DC for items that will enhance the editor's image in society such as ancient religious artifacts, situationist and anarchist books, and deranged and preferably artistic T-shirts (XL). Huge cash contributions should be sent in those lined security envelopes that you can't see through.

TRADES for publications are selective and getting more so, just because I'm not that much into what you seem to think of as poetry, and if you think DC is bad, you should see some of the other junk coming out these days. If you publish a mag and want to trade display ads on a continuing basis, that's different; send yours in. I'll trade ads with just about anyone.

SPECIAL OFFER TO ARTISTS: For a limited time (like the next thousand years) I'm likely to trade a sub for an original and impossibly strange camera-ready ad for Dharma Combat.

PUBLICATION DATES are irregular, but we average 4 issues per year.

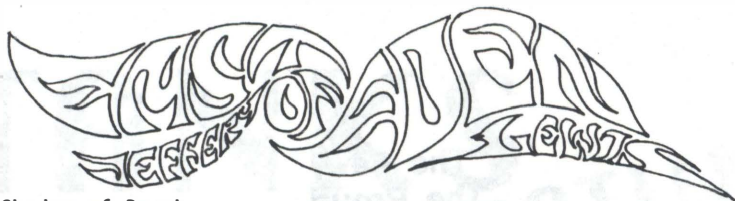
SUBMISSIONS should be SINGLE SPACED and typed to save me a lot of time. Send clean photocopies, not original artwork. If you want stuff returned, send an SASE.

ADVERTISING: Display ads are 50 bucks full page, 25 half, 15 quarter, and cheap at twice the price. Declassified ads are 1 dollar up to 50 words, 10 cents per word after that.

PRODUCTION DRUIDS this issue were Vicky Bolln, Jarod O'Danu, Lau, Nigelra, Leetha, Rev. Sam Hains, Chad Way-Hybarger, Michael Way-Hybarger, Thomas Kinyon, Cathy Chamberlain, Kelth, J. Christ, and Michael Drax put in a brief appearance but was too drunk to be of much help. Also particularly appreciated were the efforts of Greg Krupey, David Crowbar, Peter Lamborn Wilson, Matt Love, Mike Gunderloy, and Occult War Against the IRS.

If, through some miracle, you have a number on your mailing label, that is the last issue you have subscribed for.

ART CREDITS: Front Cover: by Greg Krupey with Backgrounds by James Koehnline, assembled and lettered by J. Christ; J. Koehnline: 5, 10, 18, 70, 76, 83; J. Kerrick: 2; J. Berry: 19, 61; David Crowbar: 38; J. Christ: 39 (lettering), 48 (lettering); J. Smith: 4 (lettering); G. Krupey: 23 (heading); J. Zenick: 31; Tom Tomorrow: 43; J. Lewis: centerfold (illustration); R. Nelson: 58; E. Bergdoll: 73; W. Henderson: 84; D. Beekman: 90; K. Thornley: 91; Back cover: M. Drax?... Everything else has a mysterious origin.



1. The Shadow of Death

The dream weird—am in a very particular place, very powerful sense of place—as in this is your place, sinner! It is Madison, in part—east down Langdon Street, the fraternity row there, street with most of the fraternities and sororities on it. Children of God, still growing at the Garden of Eden University school. School forest for humans hiding from the fireball of Apollo, from Fletcher Waller of the A.E.C., in the trees. In the trees—as wood for the carpenter to build crosses from or into arks of faith. My feeling is we, Mariah, my daughter and I, are half way between Badger House where Fletcher Waller threatened me with nuclear annihilation for trying to "know" his daughter, Adrien—"the dark one," /Nicknamed "Dusty," for what you get created from after her dad gets finished scaring you to death with the Shield of Athena—what will happen to you for desiring power, knowledge of death. You will get your head lifted right off your body, like Medusa did, or like the Baker did in the story of Joseph. Birds will come eat it, pluck out its eyes./ and Elizabeth's place, where she lived over toward the capital square. Mariah and I are going toward Elizabeth's place, trying to be born, I would guess. Elizabeth means "consecrated to God," so I guess I've learned not to try to make it with The Dark One. Learned my lesson. The Dark One is for Dad to know, not us kids. It is not clear why we are going toward Elizabeth's place, relates to the Golden Gate dream I think—to Jekyll and Hyde, to The Edge of Sanity, the most recent Anthony Perkins version of it in which Hyde is released from the saintly Dr. Jekyll by drugs, cocaine smoke to be precise.

Mariah and I stop some place, kind of Cooke's home in Minneapolis, where I worked painting for a day to make money for a trip out west with Andrea. Shall it to the Cloud Peak Wilderness Area—painted Cooke's eaves, gutters. Cooke's Eves? Appropriate as Cookes are right wing Christians. What I remember here is it is super-intensely hot—the sunshine almost palpable. But it's not really a daytime sun—more the light from a nuclear blast lighting up the night. It, the sun, the fireball is slightly west of us, maybe directly above Badger House which I was badgered from—shadows falling east, out of campus, Eden—the same direction we are heading. This is supposed to be another dream about death, the angel of death, how I became it, got saddled with the job. For trying to raise the Scarlet A child of curly haired Mariah from the dead zone of the occult dark. To even think about raising such a child on your own, outside the strict school forest rows of the garden of academia is viewed as an act of war against the Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan and its Coleridge apologists who view an "undevout poet as mad," as "impossible." Samuel Taylor's boiling testicles were his punishment for even daring to phrase the woman "wailing for her demon lover." Even the circumsized words are a threat to the Creation control of Art and Mary and their Dad. I tell Mariah we can wait here in the tiny slice of shade on the east side of Cooke's home until later in the afternoon when the shadows will be longer, travel less dangerous. Waiting in the shadows of Eve—evocative.

2. Writing the Mystery

Mariah is suddenly no longer with me. Why? I am in a plane or bus terminal resembling a hospital lobby—no Mariah. Maybe the name of the place is St. Elizabeth's? Destinations being droned from a speaker in a corner of the ceiling. Flight #232, the Nimitz Freeway, Soviet Armenia, Huntsville Alabama, Newburgh New York. These destinations don't really mean anything to me. Why am I here? Where is Mariah? What happened to her? God! why do I feel so flat, so empty? like there's nothing in me but . . . dust? I spend all night in this terminal with this Russian guy writing a mystery story. I have the whole story in



my mind, all I have to do is dictate it like Mozart did his symphonies. I wish I cared, I don't even care . . . who the fuck cares? This is what it feels like to be on the psych ward above obstetrics where all the moms are knocked up with rust.

The story has three parts. The first part is a sort of dramatic monologue between a woman and a questioner, maybe a policeman. All I have to do is dictate it, the Russian guy writes it down and asks strategic questions to prompt my memory. It's like my story about Mary I told on the radio. About how this Mary gets number and number around Christmas time, starts to freeze up, can't feel anything any longer, finally commits herself to the psych ward at the local University Hospital. I told this story about "Mary," but actually I meant me without Mariah. You see, when you don't know about Mariah, about the marvelous dream child of a saviour who is your very own, when she is suddenly gone like a memory wiped out of the memory banks of a computer, or your name, your identity wiped out by the Jove bolts of juice from the electric shock machine what you feel is an emptiness, a wasteland of flatness, of death that has no meaning, no origin, no end. This is what the shrinks up in the rat lab call "mental illness." They are busy trying to find some "drug" that will cure this "illness." Robert Bly identifies this feeling as "grief" and the best way "in," the way in which to recover the crystalline structures of the male archetypes which lie below the grief floor in the watery abyss. Bly just never examines the true nature of this "grief," why the male archetypes are down at the bottom of the Flood with all the other drowned things. Bly doesn't believe we should "get mad" at Dad. I guess raising Mariah is too "violent" a thought for Him.

As death, standing in the shadows of the Cooke's Christian home where they cannot see me because it is in the shadow, in the occult all I have to do is dictate this mystery of a woman whose soul has been stolen to create "mental illness" and it will be so. It will be so for all who attempt to know. All who attempt to know will be delivered to damnation. This is how. Death will write it for them in St. Elizabeth's Hospital where he is a patient, where he grieves his incomprehensible grief. Death does not even know that his dictation will be written into the genes of children and delivered to the destinations drowning from the microphone in the corner. Death is ill, he is terribly ill cut off from his Mariah who is his saviour and the one no one will allow him to write with his word in the magical shadow.

3. Who Framed Death for Death?

Then a strange one—a court case involving our garden. The frozen, chomped cauliflower. The dream occurs down in Shell Lake at Judge Bailey's court at the Washburn Couty Court House—a dream variation on it. The case doesn't seem to really involve me though central to it are these cauliflowers from our garden, a few which I neglected to pick which were chomped by deer and damaged by frost. Although I am present I don't have to be here in any official capacity as plaintiff, defendant or witness. I am merely a member of a large gallery. The court is, in part a theater, movie theater. I am sitting next to Ladon Lackey, my first girl friend in grade school, who is grown up in the dream, and resembles the actress who plays the female lead of baseball groupie and guru to future stars in Bull Durham. I smile over at Ladon, who is on my right, say hello. Immediately in front of us, in the area in the court where the defendant and his or her lawyer usually sit, is our old Biltmore house, the front door of it which was on the left side of the house and the new addition including the garage. Precisely what the problem is is not clear. However, sitting in front of me here are the half dozen or so cauliflowers with their deer chomped leaves and their frost damaged heads with brown spots of rot. Apparently they are the defendants, these . . . vegetables with their . . . feeble minded heads?

Cauliflower—earlier cole florye (see cole).

Cole—any of various plants of the mustard family, to which cabbage belongs; especially, rape.

Rape—a plant of the mustard family, whose seed yields an oil and whose leaves are used for fodder.

Rape—the crushed pulp of grapes after the juice has been extracted.
Rape—to seize and carry away by force.

Judge Bailey, who is sitting over to the right of the theater where the District Attorney, or prosecuting lawyer usually sits is having a hard time managing the case—cannot keep order here. He vacillates between towering judgemental rage and whining petulance—neither of which have much, if any, effect upon the court room which is noisy, disorderly—like the courts set up to judge the nobility during the French Revolution. There is no one actually occupying the position of judge here, sitting in the elevated position at the back of the room.

4. The Island of Cythera

With both parents, but more mom, down fishing on Shell Lake. Mom is old, maybe she's really with me here though I doubt she'll recall these dreams. I seem to be scouting out the lake for good fishing locations, plus fishing a little bit—predominantly down near Scout Island around the south shore of the lake, near the base of the "shell." We stop and get out on the island. There is a rather beautiful small ravine here, of stone, that nearly crosses the entire island—sort of sacred place feel to it—quite wild. Mom is here with me but very old and somewhat tired. She has little of my enthusiasm for this project, though willing to go along and "play," sort of like I might "play golf" with them. We make several trips to several parts of the lake—the island, I land part the clearest. My sense is large fish here. This place is also reminiscent of the wind-fall, small canyon, where "Dutch," Arnold Schwarzenegger, kills the "predator," in that film, Predator. Predator is a demon alien who attacks Schwarzenegger's commando unit. It has a camouflage suit which renders it nearly invisible in the Central American jungle location of the action. Curiously, the worst thing Dutch can come up with to call the creature, just before dispatching it is "motherfucker." It may be in this sense that we are looking at this location—as Oedipus and his mom pre-viewing the site of the end of the Oedipus complex. As my mother's name is Helen, Helen of Troy is also implied. Troy being in the ancient land, or near the ancient land of Lydia implies a connection to my wife, Lydia, and my Word raising project. What sacred island might this be? Cythera, birthplace of Aphrodite is my intuition. As the site of the island is in Shell Lake, which is actually shaped like a scallop shell, this intuition seems accurate. Birth of Aphrodite? Father my mother's rebirth? I am suggesting to my real parents, now in Florida that this can be done, and that I have the will to do it. On one of the trips back and forth across the lake I notice there is a considerable storm up above the north shore of the lake moving west directly toward the location where the courtroom dream that preceded this one was located. There is an almost constant display of lightning up in the black cloud in a very particular configuration of lateral bolts almost like the strands of a loom. At this point the lake which we are crossing toward the island looks more like Matthews Lake which I have renamed Angel Lake. This storm does not seem very threatening as it is not very large and seems precisely aimed at the northwest corner of the lake where the courthouse-theater complex was-is located. That's about all for this portion of the dream.

5. The Hypothalamus Bank

The remainder of this dream involves a bank set up on the northwest shore of the lake in approximately the location of the W.I.T.C. District Offices. Wisconsin Indianhead Technical Institute—the "Indianhead" because the state of Wisconsin along with Upper Michigan and Lake Superior can be seen as the head of an Indian chief in ceremonial headdress. Shell Lake would lie close to the inner corner of the eye of this Indian head. This bank is quite large and sits in a position that has figured in dreams often, particularly one in which the Hite Report on female sexuality featured. Height Report. In the dream this report was filled with mechanical pumping, oil wells, derricks pumping the . . . black crude of the occult up to . . . the bank, the Indianhead bank, the collective God head?

All its wealth actually deriving from below, from Adam's Lord induced "deep sleep." In another dream Mt. Fuji sat on this same site and all the pilgrims making the long climb to the summit had to carry offerings of alcohol with them. I was expected to carry an entire case of dark beer to the summit.

This Indianhead bank closely resembles the Bank of Spooner, main branch, in downtown Spooner—which I have renamed Mecca City for a local site to explore the world of Islam in my dreams—submission in dreams to the Will of Allah. Lydia and I walk through the second floor of the bank on a northwest to southeast diagonal. Beige, everything is beige—walls, curtains, rugs. The back wall looks out onto the lake. I have no particular sense of why we're here, merely need to get through here, this is the only way to where we need to go. Open up a channel? Lydia as the power of the Word to create flesh from consciousness; reconnect the genitals of Uranus severed by time to the present; make Genesis now so that the distorted Eden can be corrected, replanted.

6. The Editor of the Book of Life

We seem to make it through here on our way to the Island of Cythera to plant some love for my work—but then in the next scene meet the emotional storm of fear and dread in the form of Sandy Lyon, co-director of the Ojibwa radio station, WOJB, where I used to be a dj. Sandy, a white woman, is sitting over here on the bank's second floor at a fancy glass and stainless steel desk. Maybe she's an officer of the Bank of the Indianhead, in charge of deposits and withdrawals of emotion? Yes, siree! An honorary white, Mother Earth worshipping, Indian. She is showing Lydia and I something. At first this seems entirely harmless and friendly. I am suspicious, but Lydia, is taken in by what seems open friendliness. Sandy has a copy of some newspaper, very possibly The Journal—The News from Indian Country, the Lac Court Orieilles tribe's monthly paper. Sandy used to edit the insert featuring the WOJB programming schedule. I have, recently, had several letters in The Journal questioning Mother Earth worship, as well as the traditional interpretation of several Ojibwa tales, myths—specifically the story concerning the origin of the sweat lodge ceremony, which was "channeled" through a young boy on his first vision quest. I questioned whether unexamined acceptance that the ceremony was coming from the "Gods," in the form of Grandfather Spirits, was safe, or a dangerous form of submission. As Lydia and I sit down at the table Sandy opens the paper and turns it to show us something in it. At the place where she opens the paper is my letter on a separate, smaller piece of writing paper. Though I know the letter is the one I sent to her recently bashing her interview with a reservation alcohol counselor who claimed the only "cure for alcoholism is death," the letter is different from the one I sent. Her copy of it contains just a couple of hand written sentences on a sheet of plain, white paper. On some inner page of the paper, perhaps corresponding to the sections of the Mishomis Book, the sections of Ojibwa legends printed there, she points out something to Lydia. I am now sitting at the south end of the table and am a bit distant from this so I can't quite see it clearly—but she points to a couple of letters in-on the page. The same letters in each case. I think the two sides of the page are identical, both columns. Chromosome maybe? Alcoholic gene? On the rocks of the pre-scripted word? That seems correct because I recently destroyed some of the Hopi stone tablets, the Word on the Rock pre-scripting their history. Destroyed them metaphorically, on the Word level. I think the letter Sandy points to is a "w," lower case w. It is the last letter in the column on either side of the page. Both columns ending abruptly about halfway down the page with this same letter. 23rd letter of the alphabet, King of Wands in the Tarot: "He has the power, indicated by the lions on the background screen and the living wand of spiritual power in his right hand, with which to make decisions about future courses." The 23rd Psalm, of course, is the one about the "valley of the shadow of death," and fearing no evil, for thy rod and thy staff art with me, etc. Staff of the living Word embodied by the presence of Lydia with me. I see! The problem is I have dared to "edit" their pre-scripted history—the one that always has me in the Beast, or Windigo part. The

23rd letter would also be a long way toward that "omega" point which worshippers covet when the Lord will come with His Kingdom and his millenium of "peace," at the end of which they'll let the Beast up to scare everyone to death again so we can have some more "peace." Sandy's pointing to the letter occurs quickly and in a some-what conspiratorial fashion with Lydia—Sandy is trying to sway Lydia away from me, now down in the "flesh," or "Satan" position in the south. Just at this point Sandy plays her "storm." The whole tone of the conversation radically changes, becomes one of accusation, blame. She says my work is far too controversial to print or use in any fashion in The Journal. Maybe that's the official "dream" journal being broadcast from all the Zion sites? My sense is my "work," liberating the Word of Creation for humans to control is more threatening to Sandy and her husband, Sam Brooks, manager of the station, as honorary white Indians, guardians of the tribal radio. Angrily, she swirls the paper sideways so that I can see the pages are now blank, nothing pre-written, no script for history anylonger assuring the victory of the "meek" through the secret subversion by the Kingdom with its thief who comes in the night to steal our souls. At this point Sandy directly challenges me, claims she "knows more" than I do, that's when I wake up.

7. The Claws of the Bear Clan

No, she doesn't "know more." Number one, this Sandy is not a consciously controlled Sandy. This person is a representative of the pre-scripted will of the Creator on some Hopi stone tablets, or the "Grandfathers" of Ojibwa legend—a Word program engraved on a soul. The actual Sandy Lyon, won't, I'm sure, even recall this dream when she wakes up, or how her unconscious "shade" down in the valley of the shadow of death is protected by the Rod and Staff of some stone hieroglyphs, or the ability of the Lord to "write" us in our sleep. Sandy, I would bet, has no individual will in dreams and little if any grasp upon the living Word, so of course, "she," opposes me and my living will which runs counter to the pre-scripted tablets which protect her. The channel I am developing here then is one through the hypothalamus and pituitary gland zones of the mass, the collective Indianhead brain straight to the heart and the realms of individual, conscious control over rebirth represented by Shell Lake and the Island of Cythera where Aphrodite was born. The threat that prevents this kind of "channel" from being made, from the conscious mind down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death in the unconscious zones is the Fear of the Lord. Fear of the Lord can be stimulated in this complex region by outside forces, and strike all who walk into the valley without the protection of the Rod and Staff of the prescribed word. In fact, control of the human emotional brain via the unconscious is how the "gods" have inflicted their terror upon us throughout history. When Artemis turns Callisto into a "bear" it is by touching, or cursing this animal brain area of her, Callisto's mind, "cursing" it with madness or uncontrollable urges. Same for poor Actaeon when Diana curses him for witnessing her bath—she touches his animal brain and possesses it with the terror of a deer being pursued by the hounds. The stone tablet of the Bear Clan of the Hopi depicts just such a programming mechanism. On one side it depicts the land partitioned to those who keep the faith, obey the Creator's rules—on the opposite side is simply the paw print of the bear, the animal access in the human mind the Creator will use to enforce his rules, his choice of who shall inherit. This fear of the bear used through dreams and the emotional mind is not unlike that which "Satan" exerts on and over Christians. Christians are so terrified of Satan they would never enter the land of the shadow of death to reclaim his power for themselves. Same for the power of the bear to enforce the word of the Creator, his plan for his people. In order to make this channel I have to come through this region of the collective emotional brain, Indianhead mind of God. In order to create any sympathy or understanding for my work, my assertions that control of the Word would be infinitely better kept in conscious human hands, I must take control to some degree of the dream locations where Fear of the Lord originates. Fear of the Lord is real fear, which at its worst takes on the endless terror and torment of mental illness, of schizophrenia which some have described as the most painful "illness" in the world. And Fear



of the Lord has a real purpose—that being to keep all humans from conquering death and reclaiming the Word.

8. The War in the Attic

I wake immediately after Sandy challenges me. Ok, I then go back in consciously and challenge her back. What I see here which wasn't apparent or visible before is a union-zone between the second floor of this bank and the court house-theater complex which is located behind and below it to the southwest, toward the actual site of Shell Lake's new court house just finished this year, in the dream from Nov. 12, yesterday, where I observed the case involving the cauliflowers from my garden. Possibly, that case concerns what "frosted" the vegetables, why Cain's vegetables from his garden are refused, rejected? That this court room scene is directly connected to the Bank of the Hypothalamus and Pituitary zones of the Indianhead certainly would indicate the Indianhead and its emotions, principally Fear of the Lord, exerts some influence on the court from "above" and "behind." Above in a hydraulic sense and behind in the sense of being in the past. Also of note is the fact that it is my house which this bank-courtroom-theater complex occupies—meaning, I would guess, that my "existence" has been turned into a courtroom drama with a particular axe to grind—that the products of Cain's garden are bad, evil—that the son gotten from the father, not the prescribed Word semen of the Father from above is inevitably bad, fallen, a bad seed needing to be eliminated from the Tree of Life.

I have several helpers, fellow warriors with me here. One of them is a character actor I like, a bald headed fellow who usually plays gruff, tough good guys, or bad guys with hearts of gold. The most recent film I can recall seeing him in is as captain of the aircraft carrier Enterprise in Top Gun. I am intuitively aware he is Jonah, my son, when grown up—but even more accurately the real, Biblical Jonah, now fighting on my side since I reversed his myth, turned it rightside-up. Our fellow warrior here is Lydia, embodiment of the living Word, and the country of Lydia, effectively smothered by Greeks, Christians and others. The three of us are attempting to stop a terrorist action being prepared, or already set up, by Sandy and the Bank of the Emotions. Jonah runs down the long hallway which parallels the joint between the two buildings and is a balcony entrance into the back of the theater. As he turns the corner at the end of the hall to go left, or southwest, I yell out to him "know more than her!" He smiles back at me, puffs on his cigar and gives me the thumbsup sign, then disappears down the hall. At that instant a bomb goes off—boom! in the attic above the theater hallway. A huge, plate glass window pane, fifty or more feet long drops down into the hall and shatters down through the doors into the theater showering the spectators with pieces of deadly glass. Lydia and I, appalled at this development, pull the shards back into the hall and then shield the viewers from the explosion as well as we can with a force field. My sense is this is knowledge ahead of a real world news event—the consequences of which we have moderated. Which Oedipus is not supposed to see!

9. Watching the Night Stalker Being Planted

A nap flash later in the afternoon—powerful and startling. In it I am looking down into the trunk of a car, a dark Mercury, I think. A group of women, one looking like the Goddess Diana from that Actaeon, Diana's Bath painting are dropping an apparently dead body into the trunk of the car. The body thumps down heavily into the trunk, rolls enough so I can make out the face. It looks like Richard Ramirez, the Night Stalker-killer, as portrayed in the recent tv film about the man hunt for him and his arrest. The location of the scene is in Los Angeles. Thus, I could be witnessing the planting of an "Evil Spirit" into the trunk of a soul conductor, so that he or she carry the Satanist Terminator type down to incarnate along with his other work. Carries The Night Stalker unconsciously, never knowing that he's there to taint the garden of reincarnation right from the start. Frost it, curse it right from the start like the Lord does in Genesis: "And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed: it shall bruise

thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." Enmity—is Richard Ramirez thy name? Wrath that floweth down from the Throne of Los Angeles—is thy name Night Stalker come to sow the seed of mistrust between men and women?

This flash really startles me when I have it lying on the livingroom couch and I clutch at my journal which is lying on my chest thinking it is a newspaper . . . to keep from falling . . . into the news?

10. The Shield of Athena

I go to Hayward, a small tourist-oriented town 30 or so miles to the east of us, during the day. It is a beautiful day, I could have gone fishing—which I was considering doing. I deliver Lydia's articles to the printer, my primary purpose for going. Poke around a bit at a bait shop and the Department of Natural Resources trying to determine if there is a fishable population of lake trout in Lac Court Orielles. Guy at the bait shop doesn't think so. Buy some meat at the Meat Palace. Price of the steak is \$6.67. Should be a warning of the storm. Write letters to Tim and my parents when home. Feel really great.

Wham! I get a letter from Jean Houston's husband, a Robert Masters, psychiatrist, declaring me "insane," a threat to society for daring to write his wife, famous new age thinker Jean Houston, as "Dionysus." Masters claims he showed my letter to five other shrinks at the center for "creative-growth" he and Houston run, and all declared the letter virulent psychosis so he sent it on to the F.B.I. who "keep track" of people like me.

As I read the letter the old fear poured into me in a nearly overwhelming torrent. Was he right? Was I "insane?" I had been officially "mentally ill" at one time. I had had "violent thoughts" and had feared loss of control over my urges. I was marked by precisely the dark past Masters accused me of now, in the present. As the awful fear poured in it didn't much matter that I had solved "mental illness," conquered it, had defeated the attack of the Evil Spirit sent by the Gods to destroy the strong that it was. It didn't much matter that I now knew that this fear, this gush of evil spirit could be and was being Channeled into any person deemed an "enemy" of the Lords. Nor did it much matter that I knew I was right about Jean Houston's channeling of Athena, the Greek Goddess sprung fully armed from the forehead of her Father, Zeus, to protect Him—that this innocent, virginal channeling was the source of the awful "alien" abduction experiences suffered by Whitley Strieber and described in his book, Communion.

I had noted, when I read Strieber's book, the many references to Athena—that the wizened "Queen" of the visitors who sexually raped him reminded him of Athena; that many of the abduction experiences were preceded by a vision of an owl, Athena's sacred bird, guardian of her wisdom; that Strieber described the visitors as insect-like while Athena is Queen of the Hive; that the mere presence of the visitors produced total body terror and paralysis, as precise a description of being "turned into stone," the power of the Shield of Athena with Medusa's head on it, as you're likely to find; that the shafts and rods that the visitors lanced Strieber's back, animal brain with produced awful visions of apocalypse and death which Strieber felt were his, mankind's fault—Athena wielded just such arrows of madness and blame which she snot into the dream sleep, the occult being of her and her Father's enemies. Primarily those "enemies," were any who dared to think themselves the "equals" of the Gods, or dared to point out that the God's being was based upon human sacrifice.

Hearing Houston on Wisconsin Public Radio "channeling" Athena during a show discussing the "return of the Goddess" brought it abruptly, terrifyingly home that Strieber's "visitors" might have a very human source, or that a naive human was opening the door between dimensions for them and had no control over the manifestations of the Being of the Goddess, much less any knowledge of the reality of her dark, Id monster side. That Houston lives in Pomona, New York, close to the Catskill site of Strieber's experiences, and that she runs a "Mystery" school in Buffalo only heightened my suspicions. I had just had a puzzling dream involving a Basement of the Mysteries filled with images of "aliens," run by a dark haired woman resembling Houston. A dangerous flood of water had been re-

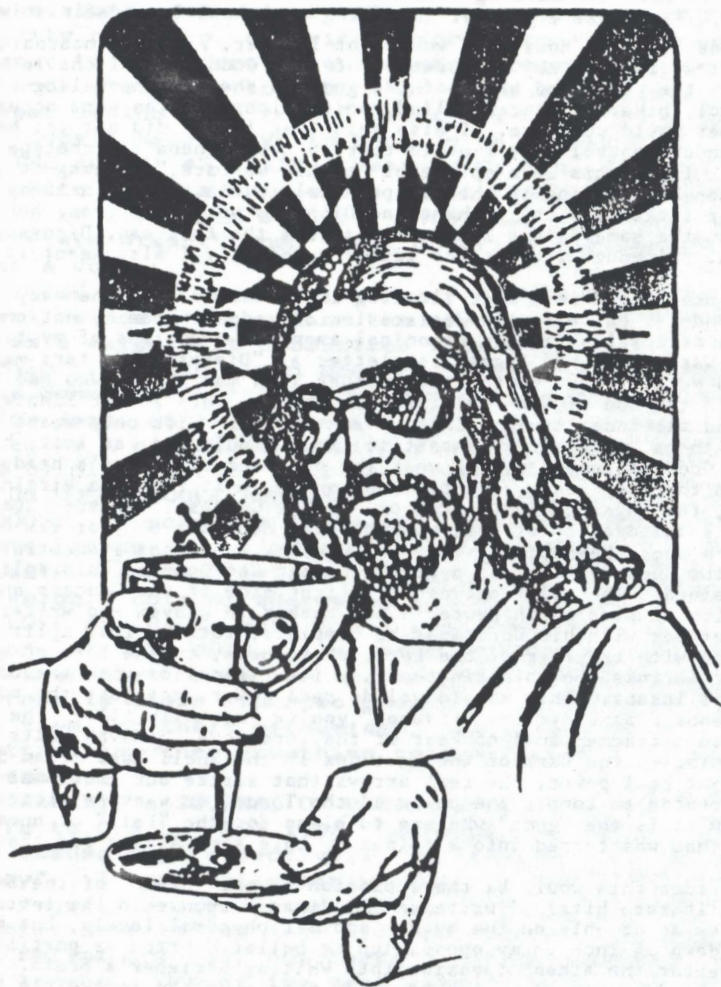
leased from this Library of the Mysteries site, which the dream depicted as being in western New York—my guess was the Love Canal. The flood of dark water was gushing east toward the opposite side of the state where the Catskills, and New York City are located. The real world connection to Houston and then to Strieber made this dream suddenly clearer. The curious thing was this dark-haired woman was depicted as being my "relative."

I wrote my letter to Houston after hearing her on the radio as Jeff Lewis, "Dionysus," as he is the Greek God I most identify with though I know he, the actual source of the cult of Divine Wine, was a man, not a "God." I did this, in part to challenge her—her "Athena" on a War in Heaven, Il-
iad level. From what I know of the being of Athena I am definitely not on Her side. I told Houston I would not let Her, Athena, incarnate on the planet, not allow any such return of the "Goddess." I challenged her to get the power and being of the goddess she was channeling under ego control, otherwise uncontrolled manifestations such as were occurring to Strieber would continue. I also said that if she did not get her goddess under control that I would rewrite Her, Athena's archetype with the Word. I did this in a spirit of "mythic warfare," meaning it only to be taken as applying to the metaphysical levels. About halfway through the letter I realized that Athena and Dionysus were relatives, born, in fact, from the same Father Zeus—Athena from the forehead, Dionysus from the thigh. Although I meant the letter mythically I also meant it seriously.

And now, heart pounding, fear flooding in, I stared into the very shield of the Goddess, herself—the declaration of madness made by not one, but five very official shrinks. Principal among the many signs of my total insanity was that I had signed the letter as "Dionysus." Masters made sure to remind me of the awful fate of another such mad person who had identified with the God of Wine, Nietzsche. Why the very act of identifying with a God was insanity—couldn't I see that his wife only meant to channel Athena "in jest?" Fantastic! Now I could see, at last, how a "virgin" Goddess operated, and what the severing of Medusa's head, the head from the body really meant. Houston is, must remain a virgin to the body, the physical manifestation, of the Goddess! No mere human may have any knowledge of, or real control over Medusa's body or its Gorgon power—the human head of the virgin may never know that it controls the body of the God. In the world of the Father God Complex this split must be maintained. The split between the light side of the Goddess and her dark, enforcer side which protects the Father in Heaven who writes all our archetypes with his Word must be complete, total. That split is maintained with the Fear of the Lord, of madness, in the form of the Shield of Shrinks who maintain that any identification with the body of the God is insane. This shield weilds real power, not just the power to call someone a name, you're "insane," you're "mentally ill." The electrical storm crammed full of Fear of the Lord Jove, Jehovah volts that I saw coming to the Bank of the Emotions in the Shell Lake dream is precisely that real power, the real arrows that strike our emotional brain if we threaten to topple the power of the Throne or weave a picture that shows how it is the "gods" who are to blame for the "Fall" of humanity. Poor Arachne was turned into a spider by this same Athena for that "crime."

I had no idea this would be the explosion in the "Attic" of the Bank, but boy, it sure hits! I write an immediate response to the letter saying it was meant only on the mythic and metaphysical levels, but not backing down an inch in my opposition or belief Houston is partially responsible for the Athena invasion into Whitley Strieber's brain. The rest of the day I spend trying to get a handle on the incredible gush of fear that accompanies the attack. Lydia comes home in a tailspin, too, about work and school. I had consented earlier in the day to experience "greatness." My intuition voices said this would be hard—this hard? I am uncertain I can stand it. War in Heaven has been declared—against me! Along with Master's letter a catalogue called "Sounds True" arrives in the mail. A picture of Athena on the damn cover! All sorts of myth stuff, Joseph Campbell, New Age tapes advertised. Athena in arms with her damn owl on the cover. Minerva. Shit! The brilliant, emasculating idea of the Father Complex. The Virgin is the armor of the Father!

Some Pieces of the Puzzle



A Commentary
by John Duran

Persons who are not scholars of ancient writings wonder how it is that documents can be dated to a certain time, etc. Well, of course we know of many 'tests' to put these manuscripts through, and instead of me listing all of these - which would do no good anyway (because doing so, would not magically turn these curious novices into scholars), in the same way that my listing or citing specific references would do no good.* However, I will list a few things that happen to be convenient to me at the moment, therefore allowing me to go on to other things. Because one of the main concerns in the study of 'history' during N.T. times, is the fact that there was a war going on at the time, then, naturally, this is a consideration which deserves to be treated in its deepest facets. It is known that the Jews went on (after being defeated by the Romans), to keep 'histories' of their own. And, we can look further into co-relations & 'possible' co-relations to the 'history' that was kept by the Roman side.

Now, a bit on the anachronism of 'the Gospel of John'. In this Gospel (John 3:2, etc.), 'Jesus' is called 'Rabbi', but teachers of the Jewish law (or code), were not called Rabbis until after the destruction of the Temple in 70 C.E., 'Jesus' was supposed to have died several years prior. However, this could be a hint by the writer of John that Jesus (or the person playing Jesus) was not dead until after the year 70. Another thing that is often wondered about is why 'Jesus' calls himself 'the son of man'. Several possibilities come to the forefront as we examine the meanings of the words used. One is that the word 'son' in some instances, means 'invention' in Hebrew. Yes, 'Jesus' the invention of man. But this takes on a grander meaning when adding the fact that the same word also means 'descendant', and that 'Jesus' claimed descent from King David using the same word. And yes, why not? After all, 'ben Adam' (son of man) also means 'descendant of Adam'. The authors of 'Matthew' saw fit to give a genealogy of 'Jesus', and so did the authors of 'Luke'. Anyway, to boil down what I have found, you can find the meaning to be 'descendant of Adam', which 'Jesus' was, as a descendant of King David. But as we go on in our studies, we find that 'Adam' was not the first man, but the Pharaoh who founded the 12th Dynasty in Egypt!

Now, we take a look at the anachronism of 'Mark' and 'Matthew'. In these books (Mark 7:1-5, Matt. 15:1-6), passages can be found that shows a controversy between Jesus and the Pharisees regarding the washing of hands before meals. However, the institution of washing hands before meals took place only 'after' the year 65 C.E. (Ref. S. Zeitlin, "The Hakala in the Gospel"). Now, we profess that some of the famous (or infamous) sayings of 'Jesus' were actually deliberate paraphrases of the words of Hillel the Pharisee (Ref. 'Perki Aboth'). Do you recognise the following statement which was re-worked: "What thou hatest for thyself, do not do to thy fellow man."? Hillel had a reason for putting it in the negative participle, so that the undesirable elements would not occur that happen autonomously when the statement is made inclusive in the 'positive' form. If we examine further, the actual reason for changing this statement becomes clear.

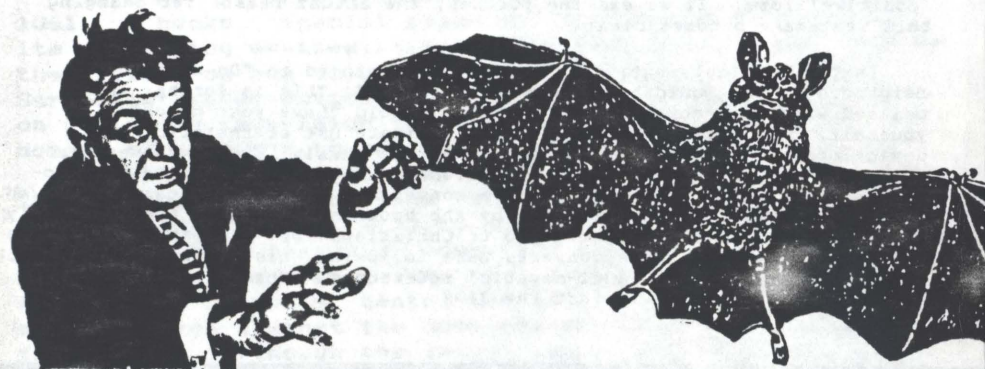
In the New Testament, the statement is changed to "Do unto your neighbors as you would have them do unto you." This is further interpolated with the 'commandment' that you should "Love your neighbor as yourself." This is an example of the ultimate use of rhetoric. The device occurs as a part of the total package thusly; When a convert is made to Christianity, the next ingredient is to have this convert 'automatically' proselytize and make more converts. So, by the reasoning given to the Christian, if he/she 'goes by the book' so to speak, then naturally they would want their neighbors to be Christians too. Remember, there was a war going on, and these converts were following this Romanized religion, with its neatly placed 'anti-semitic' references. These converts were indeed used in the war against the Jews.

In the long war of the Romans against the Jews (actually the Pharasaic Party), the following events took place. After the death of King Herod, who was the Roman installed Governor/Ruler/King over Judea, the Pharasaic Party lead by Hillel and followers of his teachings, revolted. This campaign lasted from 3 B.C.E. - 4 C.E., when the Romans won back control of Judea and had over 2 thousand Jewish underground fighters (i.e., Pharasees) crucified in the mountains of Jerusalem. Then, in a little over a year after that, the Romans declared that Judea was officially a Roman imperial province. That was the year 6 C.E. This prompted the Pharasees, who were lead by Judas of Galilee, to revolt against Rome. The revolt was crushed. Then in 44 C.E., there was another revolt against Rome by the Pharasees. Theudas the Pharasee, lead the revolt, but was defeated and the sons of Judas of Galilee, Jacob (Judas) and Simon,** who were with Theudas the Pharasee, were crucified by the Governor of Judea - Tiberius Julius Alexander. By the way, Tiberius Julius Alexander was a direct descendant of King Herod, and King Herod was a descendant of of Mattathias Hasmonai, who was a descendant of Aaron the brother of Moses, and thereby, T. Julius Alexander was a descendant of Levi (the tribe of the Priests) of the twelve tribes of Israel and also 'ben Adam'.

Now again, in the year 60 C.E., Benjamin the Egyptian lead a revolt against Rome. Rome won. Arrius Piso instigated a revolt in 66 C.E., and conducted a wholesale crucifixion of the Pharasees. Then, in the year 70, Arrius Piso, his cousin Titus, and his great-grand uncle Vespasian, destroyed the Temple in Jerusalem, whereupon, another relative of theirs - Felix, conducted a great crucifixion of not only Pharasees, but anyone who had associated with Pharasees. On one single day alone, 3,600 Jews were crucified or killed on the way to the cross. Titus had prisoners taken during the seige of Jerusalem to be crucified on the walls of the city - and day after day, at least five hundred of the Pharasees died in this fashion (little do most of the Jews today realize the real reason that they visit the 'wailing wall'). All of these people died to give the world a chance to win against Rome and Christianity. All of these people really died on the cross for you, yet a vast amount of people worship one fictional person who only died on the cross in a story written for the express purpose of keeping the masses subject to one Roman family.

* I give only enough specific references to get a person started on questioning & studying, because I feel that it is necessary to become familiar with the entire history of the time, and not just 'portions' of it (as most Christians are not familiar with the history of the time, but yet can, on demand, quote 'portions' of the so-called 'authorized' English translation (sic).

** While their brother, Father Manahem (who was raised with Herod the Tetrarch), was stoned to death by Priestly order. These sons of Judas of Galilee were kin to Eleazer ben Yair who defended Masada in the year 73 (Ref. Josephus, 'Wars of the Jews').



Jesus Seminar Concludes 80% of Jesus' Words Fraudulent

Theological scholars who have participated in the six-year "Jesus Seminar," have ruled out about 80% of the words attributed to Jesus in the Gospels. The scholars' provocative conclusions will be published in an upcoming book, *Red Letter Edition of Five Gospels*.

Founded by Robert W. Funk, of Westar Institute, the seminar most recently announced that virtually all of the words attributed to Jesus in the Gospel of John were not said by him. This includes the ever-popular "For God so loved the world that he gave his only Son, so that everyone who believes in him may not perish but may have eternal life." (John 3:16).

Other rejected sayings included:

John 14:6: "I am the way, and the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me."

Matthew 5:11: "Blessed are you when people revile you

and persecute you and utter all kinds of evil against you falsely on my account."

Also voted down was a series of apocalyptic sayings, including his prediction that he would return in one generation amid conflict, as well as his supposed prophesy of his own death and resurrection in Mark 10:32-34.

Two hundred scholars met twice a year to examine particular passages, discuss scholarship, and vote on authenticity.

The seminar earlier announced that Jesus was not a celibate and did not advocate celibacy, that he did not promise to return to earth to usher in a new age, that he did not write the Lord's Prayer, that he was not tried and condemned by Jews, that his conversations with disciples at the Last Supper were probably not authentic, and that, while hanging from a cross, he did not ask God to forgive his persecutors.

Phase II of the Jesus Seminar is scheduled for fall, when the theologians will examine the "deeds" of Jesus to see which have "historical bases."

"I received Jesus Christ as my Savior the 15th May of 1990 at 11 A.M.," Gen. Manuel Noreiga announced, as he awaits his June trial for federal drug trafficking.

Source: *New York Times*,
3/21/91

!WANTED!

INFORMATION LEADING TO THE APPREHENSION OF

FUGITIVES

FROM MAINSTREAM AMERICAN CULTURE

DEAD OR ALIVE

(PREFERABLY LONG-DEAD)

FOR INCLUSION IN THE FORTHCOMING AUTONOMEDIA BOOK

"GONE TO CROATAN:

ORIGINS OF AMERICAN DROP-OUT CULTURE"

EDITED BY JAMES KOEHNLINE AND PETER LAMBORN WILSON

SOME LIKELY SUSPECTS: INDIANS, RED, BLACK AND WHITE • TRI-RACIAL ISOLATES AND CROSSBLOOD TRICKSTERS • MAROONS OF THE EASTERN SWAMPS, PINE BARRENS AND HILL COUNTRY • SOUVENIERS AND WILD MOUNTAIN FOLK • RENEGADE FREEMASONS AND WAYWARD PURITANS • COMMUNISTIC UTOPIANS AND MILLENNARIANS • KORESHANS AND OTHER CELEBRATES • MORMON POLYGAMISTS • EARLY BLACK "THEBES" AND ISLAMIC MOVEMENTS • WHITE TRASH AND "THE FEEBLY INHIBITED" • FIELD ETHNOGRAPHERS WHO NEVER RETURNED • MIXED NOMADIC TRIBES, GYPSIES AND TINKERS • REBELS, OUTLAWS, PIRATES AND REVOLUTIONISTS • FREE SPIRITS, GREAT ECCENTRICS, CRANKS AND CRACKPOTS • ANTINOMIANS • RUNAROUNDS, HOBBES AND HERESITERS • OF THE CIVILIZATION, WILDERNESS VAGABONDARY • SELF-SESSIONISTS, NEW TRIBES, ASSORTED FICARONS, THE VOLUNTARILY DISAPPEARED AND DIVERSE OTHERS WHO BOUGHT INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP AUTONOMY IN AMERICA

CONTENTS

1. A DOZEN ESSAYS ON SIGNIFICANT EARLY DROP-OUT CULTURES
2. AN EXTENSIVE ANNOTATED BIBLIOGRAPHY
3. ILLUSTRATED THROUGHOUT WITH PERIOD GRAPHICS, COLLAGES, MAPS, ETC.

HOW YOU CAN CONTRIBUTE

1. SUBMIT PROPOSALS FOR ESSAYS
2. SUBMIT SHORT (ONE PARAGRAPH, MORE OR LESS) ENTRIES FOR ANNOTATED BIBLIOGRAPHY— DESCRIPTIONS OF BOOKS, ESSAYS, ARTICLES RELATED TO THE THEME— AS MANY AS YOU LIKE, ALL WILL BE INCLUDED EXCEPT IN CASES OF REDUNDANCY OR TOTAL LACK OF RELEVANCE.
3. GRAPHIC WORK, ORIGINAL, CLIPPED OR PHOTOCOPIED, FOR USE AS IS, OR AS SOURCE MATERIAL FOR COLLAGE.
4. SHARE YOUR COMMENTS AND SUGGESTIONS WITH ME, AND SPREAD THE WORD TO OTHERS WHO MAY BE INTERESTED.

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GONE TO CROATAN

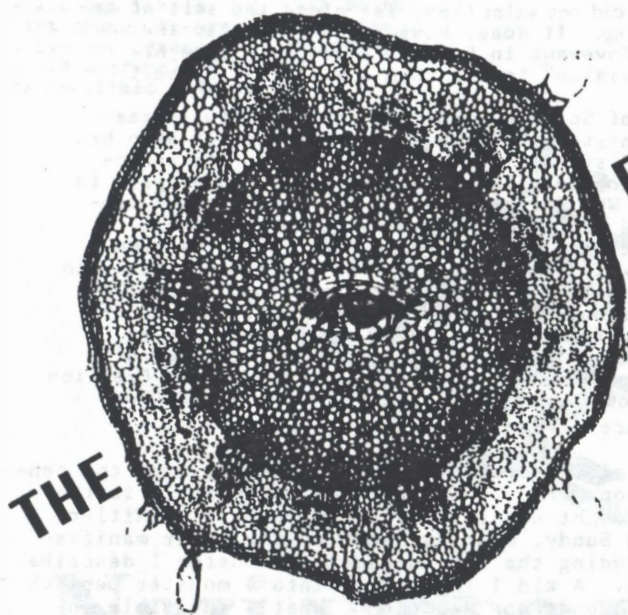
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SEND ALL SUBMISSIONS, SUGGESTIONS, AND QUESTIONS TO:

JAMES KOEHNLINE
5733 25th NE
SEATTLE, WA 98105

(206) 526-1398



BLINDSPOT

Dear Dharma Combat—

If you combine Wayne Henderson's piece on the Temple of Solomon with John Judge's conspiratorial ramblings on the operation of a "secret government" in recent history plus my Ghostbuster piece with its view of how the beast is actually being raised magically from the Gehenna dump of Hell beneath the Temple of an actual church, now, to drive local history into the complete mistrust of the ability of humans to govern themselves you begin to get a fairly clear picture of how things work, of the real combat to establish a fascist theocracy upon earth.

Henderson's circuit board speculations about the Temple, its construction, use for magical activities is probably fairly accurate. Same for Judge's gigantic tracing of the forced abortion of the Russian Revolution, the raising of Hitler, other historic beasts—he even cites Hitler's "Annunciation" dream of his transformation from a failed artist to a world political leader—but does he believe psychiatry, as bad as it may be, has the power, had the power to program Hitler's dreams? Really? But not only a prophetic dream, the emotional-physical-political power to bring it about—could psychiatry, even in the hands of today's manipulators, bring that about, the conception and creation of such a beast? It seems to me that only someone standing precisely at the center of the swastika of magical world creation power at precisely the right time to walk into an already-scripted part could have that sort of force over world history, the sort Hitler had.

Judge has no explanation adequate to describe the sort of power needed to raise a Hitler, or a Stalin, or a Churchill, or any of the others in his giant conspiracy; no super secret group of fabulously wealthy right wing conspirators could possibly inspire a Hitler to become what he became, let alone inspire the millions who followed him to

lay down their wills in his service. The metaphysical technology to create and send dream roles did not exist then, let alone the sort of energy necessary to back them up. It does, however, exist in another place—in the Ark of the Covenant in Solomon's Temple. Same Ark which "opened individual vision" to the Lord's Will in I Samuel.

Not only does the Temple of Solomon Henderson is so carefully resurrecting from the dust of history have power over dreams, it also has the power of channeled and sympathetic magic to follow up its annunciations, to create a historical figure to play a particular part in the script—what script? Why Scripture of course! Revelation proclaims it, the Word of God can topple all, any human government. The book of Daniel demonstrates much the same power with the famous dream of Nebuchadnezzar, with its Titan of human government, but with feet of clay which a mere pebble (of Scripture) can topple totally. In the dream that single stone goes on to become an enormous mountain, the entire world, in fact—the world of the Kingdom run by Scripture, a Word program running, scripting the magical power of the collective human unconscious, the genie of enslaved human Creation power. To accomplish its own ends—that being to establish a Kingdom in which our parts are already scripted within us.

This magically run, invisible script is what is missing from the center of Judge's frightening conspiracy. That center, blindspot, is the Bethlehem where Yeats' rought beast slouches to be born as Hitler or Saddam, Stalin or Ted Bundy, Charles Manson or any other manifestation of the beast including the kid-turned-into-monster I describe in the Ghostbuster piece. A kid I saw turned into a monster beneath the very Temple of Solomon Henderson describes. What's invisible in Henderson's description of his temple is the basement, the Gehenna Hell from which "Solomon" resurrects the brutally murdered body of poor Hiram, killed because he refused to let his "Key" be abused for monstrous political purposes, namely to magically drive, program, prescript history to eliminate the "enemies of the Lord" so that the Kingdom may come.

The dull, prosaic, modern temples of today's Christian Church are built precisely according to Hiram-Solomon's plans, blueprints, with the Bible acting as a magical Word program to operate the secret, because unconscious, functions of channeled and sympathetic magic—to "raise the blessed" and "deliver the sinners to damnation." In the modern-day temples, however, the worshippers and the priests, the officiants programming the collective magical body according to the Scriptural program are completely unconscious, unaware of the murdered body of Hiram with its Key to the power of the temple down in the collective Id or It basement. They must be in order to maintain their innocence. That is why the Church is an Ark—it floats upon a sea of collective amnesia and blindness to the reality of magic, both white and black. The priests and the worshippers, therefore, make no connection between their activities in the temple and what happens in history, both large and small, about them—they believe it is God's Will there is an earthquake, or that Russia is falling apart, or that blood must be shed in the Middle East . . . or that a kid kills his parents in their town—God's Will or man's sin, his disobedience to that Will. It is not, however, their collective magical will—oh, no! None of these events is directly connected to their activity in the Temple their Carpenter built for them—the same Temple of Solomon Henderson is taking such great pains to resurrect, dust off—it was never dead! The magic never stopped! The voice from the Ark is still speaking in peoples' dreams, announcing blessing or damnation, epiphany or nightmare; it is still stealing Saul's manhood from him in the form of dreams of defeat or by sending the Evil Spirit. The magic has not stopped, we just stopped being able to see it. At the center of Henderson's temple is a blindspot as big as history—it's the blindspot that occurred when Oedipus—we put out our eyes!

The eyes Oedipus put out are not his literal eyes, but the ones with which he might actually see what's happening down there in the Hell basement of Gehenna, each time "Solomon," the priest, the pastor, Scripture raises the poor dead, mutilated, enslaved body of Hiram with his magical Key knowledge—raises that Key knowledge to build the Temple, the Ark of the Church now, in the present—Scripture, if it is anything, is timeless. Timelessness is the heart of every magical ceremony. Oedipus is everyone—the whole congregation, including the leaders and the priests, even most of the nonbelievers, put out their eyes, their metaphysical eyes with which they might see God——see the workings of His magical Will—why? Because, like Oedipus, we believe we are at fault for the plague, because we slept with our mother or our father. Oedipus was, we are, scripted to kill our father at the crossroads—can anyone be blamed for that which has been scripted? Is it prophecy to read the script ahead of events and thereby "foretell the future?" Who says the scripting of the Script can't be in human hands? Go ask Arachne for the answer to that one. Fight Arachne's "fate" if you're a hero.

Solomon's Temple is in full operation right now carrying emeralds (tumors), mental illness, heart attack and drug addiction to its "enemies." So is the titanic black magical power plant of the Grand Mosque at Mecca around which the faithful dutifully bow like iron filings in a "plot of gravity." There's your center of a conspiracy. I would ask you to imagine the magical power generated by such daily prayers to Allah and then ask you whether it is any wonder that the human will, human government is so often and easily thwarted? If you want to meet Hiram, discover what his Key is, how he is resurrected by "Solomon" and what his power is used for I would suggest you find Oedipus' eyes and put them back in your dream body—then go down into the basement where "Freddy" is raised every night from the Burning Jerusalem dump. Ah, but it takes real balls to do that—it takes overcoming the real Oedipal Complex, the God Complex. It's much easier to lie down into the program and pray like hell that Scripture doesn't consider you an "enemy" or tasty enough offering for the sacrifice block.

Jeff Lewis

Friday, May 24, 1991

Bear Keith

I read the zarticle by John Judge in DC #10 and have to tell your readers something. John Judge is the inheritor of the work of the late Mae Brussell, who had an established conspiracy research operation and would write articles for such magazines as Playgirl, Oui, and Hustler. She also had her own radio program. On a tape of her December 24, 1977 radio show, she claims to have met Bruce Roberts, and to be willing to distribute G. File to her listeners. It's hardly surprising that the article "The Secret Government" meshes so well with the "Gemstone File": ~~My~~ John Judge's predecessor distributed it, and apparently shared its view of the world. Mae Brussell did dispute several points in the Gemstone File, but if she really disbelieved in it, she wouldn't have given away copies, don't you think?

Since "

X. Sharks DeSpot

2225 Montego Dr.,
Lansing, MI
48912.

X. Sharks DeSpot.

Joseph Kerrick

The new format and the content of the latest Dharma Combat were fine enough to inspire me to write an original piece for DC -- see Bolting from Utopia, enclosed. I hope you find a use for this. Meanwhile, I'd like to address the following:

Wayne Henderson: Some sources list both the navel and solar plexus as vital centers. The aura as chakra invokes the image of Ain Soph Aur surrounding the tree/body. And I've recently come across an out-of-print book from the Western esoteric tradition which depicts the 7th chakra as an entity toward the back of the brain, called the Conarium; the work then refers to the familiar imagery of the Crown center at the top of the head, but not as a chakra. It could be that there are many centers of chakra amplitude, and no final system for the arrangement and enumeration of them. I gleaned some valuable nuggets from your piece, and look forward to the sequel.

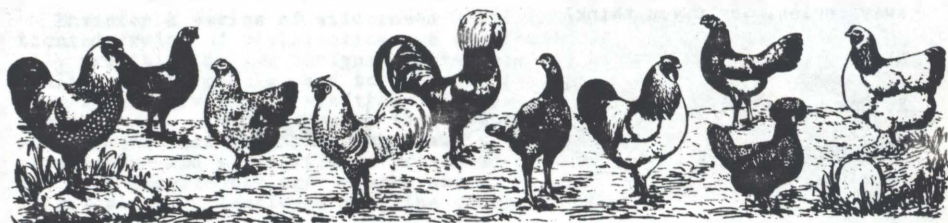
Hatter: Yes, Stanislov Grof was one of my sources, or inspirations anyway, for the theory of the embryo as archetypal hero. The other major one was Lloyd deMause, author of Foundations of Psychohistory and Reagan's America.

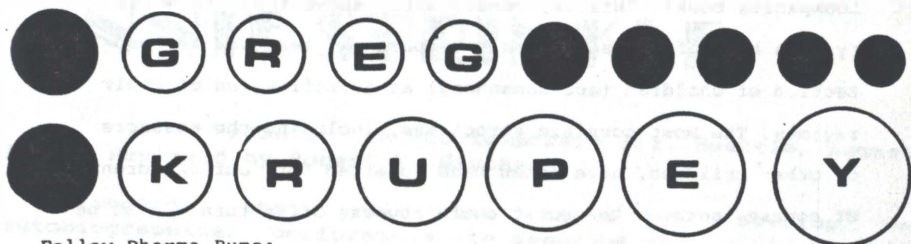
You hit on a key point, re the sheep of the Ubermenschen. This is the very reason why I'm espousing a plan for budding overfolk to set up a separate gene-pool in the wilderness -- to forsake the flocks, as it were. See my article, Bolting from Utopia.

Greg Kruepy: Thanks for your critique of my Armageddon piece; it was useful, but a little too doctrinaire or something for me to relate to in a direct tit-for-tat tennis game. I'm not out to prove anything to anyone; I find that the folks for whom "proof" is a touchstone of reality are usually not on my wavelength. People who are often find an intuitive consistency in my writings and respond positively to that. But I'll reply to one of your points. My brother the theoretical physicist took me to a lecture by David Bohm, who is fairly renowned in the field, and whose theories I had a layman's smattering of. I found that the stature of the man didn't measure up to the world-altering power of the theories -- he's just a sheepish little college professor overbred in the head center. My metaphysical experience has led me to the conclusion that wherever there is a worldscale force loose in the Universe, there is a conscious intelligence behind it. Consequently, the personal smallness of David Bohm in contrast with the size of the force he facilitates caused me to psychically apperceive him as a puppet of something huge and invisible in the metasphere -- something dark, since my basic scry on science is as an instrumentality of death. I suppose I should specify that I mean consensus science as it's practiced -- you know, the kind that created the New World Order. There is such a thing as real science -- it creates psychic superpeople. For me, psychic superpeople are a sine qua non -- if they don't exist, we have to make them.

I also relished: The Story of a Buddhist Saint, L.A. Rollins' review of the expose of Elie Wiesel, Pollyanna Flowerthighs, Hakim Bey's Evil Eye, and the John Judge document.

P.O. Box 17231
Philadelphia, PA 19105





Fellow Dharma Bums:

HATTER--Glad you liked my analysis of horror/slasher films.

But I see cop films and "Rambo" type films as even worse indoctrination tools. Was it any accident that the latter film and others like it ("Top Gun", etc.) were spewed out in the early years of the Reagan era? Just Hollywood milking the latest trend, or a few favors called in by Ronnie on the movie moguls? Maybe not as ridiculous as it sounds, especially if you are familiar with Dan Moldea's thesis as expounded in his book DARK VICTORY: REAGAN, MCA, AND THE MOB.

I found myself in substantial agreement with your comments to Randy Heresy re: Nicaragua, etc. If you come across the latest issue of The Humanist, it is a special media critique issue which features an interview with Chomsky.

Unfortunately, it appears that DC is indeed continuing on a course towards being a "roomful of people trying to drown each other out with monologues." C'est le vie. You might also notice that I have adopted your format, for greater clarity, I hope.

RANDY HERESY: You're right about "the babies" being the prime excuse for repression. The crusade to save "Our Kids" (also known as "Our Future"...) from various threats both real and imagined, including often themselves, is proven effective time and again. The fundamentalist right's entire political agenda operates on that primary assumption. If I may quote from myself (from my article on the Satanism hysteria in the

Loompanics book): "History consistently shows that the worst tyrants have often used appeals to parental fear and the protection of children (and Womanhood) as justification of their regimes. The most horrible atrocities, including the massacre of other children, have often been committed for 'our children!..' Of course, some of the worst child abusers often turn out to be those who make concern for children's welfare and moral guidance their professional concern. The Freedom From Religion Foundation has documented an amazing number of cases of child abuse/molestation committed by clergy (available in book form from either them or Loompanics) that somehow seem to get swept under the rug whenever something even more detrimental to "our kids" happens, like nude pictures of small children taken by a homosexual but dead artist being exhibited in a museum somewhere.

JEFF LEWIS: Speaking of Satanism...just the sort of thing I was alluding to above, your account of the Satanism hysteria in your Ghostbusters 2 review. That sort of calculated fear-frenzy is precisely the thing that allowed the Inquisition and various other witch hunts to flourish several hundred years ago in Europe and briefly in the American colonies. But we're much more sophisticated than that today, right? We wouldn't let a motley crew of fanatic Bible-thumpers, self-deluded "experts", paranoid redneck cops, sensation-mongering "journalists" and reactionary politicians hijack us into a barbaric witch-hunt not in this day and age, right? Not even if they could "prove" that this shadowy Satanic underground (now you see it, now you don't...) is responsible for every evil that plagues us, from drugs to cattle mutilation to kiddie porn to...pick your fave scapegoat (it's for "Our Kids", you see...), right? Let's forget for the moment why an "occult expert" was allowed to make what amounted to a religious revival speech in a public school, and wonder just what the local preacher intended by declaring that he knew the identity of the chief Satanist in his town and that he was a "respected member of the community"? Trying to

eliminate a rival, maybe? Or a prominent freethinker or skeptic? Did he even know what he was doing? Did he really believe it himself? If this sort of thing continues, will it eventually lead to burning people at the stake or lynchings, especially in small rural areas? You don't think there aren't those who would like to do it?

This brings me to ask the question: just what is it about animal sacrifice by Satanists (real or not) that bugs these people, these good Christian folk? You would think they were all vegans to hear them go on about it! How many of these people eat meat or wear leather or fur? How many hunt or raise animals for slaughter, perhaps even slaughter their own? Have any of them ever been to a slaughterhouse? How many have ever killed a dog or cat that strayed into their garden or any other piece of their precious private property? What's the difference, on a strict ethical sense, between sacrificing a goat to Satan and sacrificing a cow to McDonald's or a flock of chickens to Colonel Sanders? For that matter, what's more truly diabolical: sacrificing an animal to the devil, or sacrificing thousands of young men's lives to the exigencies of the oil barons (including the one in the Oval Office) on the altar of war? Once again I have to ask the question: who are the real devil worshippers anyway?

For those of you interested in reading more on the course of Satanist hysteria, see Satanism in America by Carlson and LaRue, \$14.45 ppd from Gaia Press, Box 466, El Cerrito, Ca. 94530; The Humanist, March/April 1990, \$4 from AHA, 7 Harwood Dr., PO Box 146, Amherst, NY 14226-0146 (article by D. Alexander, "Giving the Devil More than His Due"); Free Inquiry summer 1990, \$4 from FI, Box 5, Buffalo, NY 14215-0005 (excerpts by Carlson and LaRue and "The Dangerous Folklore of Satanism" by P. Stevens); Skeptical Inquirer (\$7 each from Box 229, Buffalo, NY 14215-0229) Spring 1990 had articles on "Police Pursuit of Satanic Crime" and "The Spread of Satanic-Cult Rumors", the Summer 1990 issue included part two of the police article.

WAYNE HENDERSON: I think the reason why most people can't, or won't, see the parallels between the Israelis and the Nazis has several explanations. 1) We have been conditioned to think of fascism as something that always manifests around huge rallies of goose-stepping storm-troopers heiling a maximum leader, etc. The German model. Most people can't see the fascist strain in their own culture until it's too late. Most Americans don't see it in their, ours.

Israel is no dictatorship, but I don't think it really is a democracy either. Many people would regard the idea of the Jews becoming like their prior persecutors as either absurd or as blasphemous or both. But that is exactly what happened. Determined never again to be the underdogs, many Jews in Israel (and their American supporters), especially the fanatic Zionists decided to become the meanest bastards on the block. Rather like a puny kid who tires of being beat up by the neighborhood bully so much that he builds himself up and becomes a bully in turn. 2) There always was a fascist strain in Zionism, and both Menachem Begin and Yitzhak Shamir came from the extreme right-wing of the Zionist movement. Both were also certifiable terrorists. See Lenni Brenner's book Zionism in the Age of the Dictators for the full story of the fascist nature of Zionism and its attempts to even ally with the Nazis to drive the British and French out of the Middle East in return for expulsion of Jews to Palestine! 3) The media in this country isn't about to show Israel in that bad a light, even if they wanted to. Not only would they have the Israel lobby to deal with, but they would have to start asking, and answering, some extremely uncomfortable questions regarding American policy in various parts of the world. Remember, at all costs, that we and our allies are the good guys!

There is also the fact that if the Israelis are the new Nazis, then the Palestinians are the new Jews. Some people find that comparison intolerable.

Sorry, but I must disagree about the One, as you call it, being an illusion when it comes to being the tribal wargod of the ancient Isrelites. Not only do others than fundies accept that

"ancient-and abysmally bad-PR", so do Orthodox Jews, in fact, most Jews and Christians, and even Moslems, accept that image of God the warrior monarch-patirach. If "the One" is not some bloody-handed celestial tyrant, as the Old Testament explicitly suggests and as the New Testament implicitly endorses behind a sugar-coating of "love", then "the One" has nothing to do with the Bible and therefore renders it and all the religions inspired by it as irrelevant, or there is no One.

As to detailing the errors and inconsistencies in the Bible, well I can hardly do that in a few paragraphs or pages in DC! You might consult the books I mentioned in DC #10, and peruse the examples included below. Hopefully, I can send more detailed info to you via Keith. By the time this is printed, I will hopefully remember to have done that.

Confused?

Bible Contradictions



Paul said, "God is not the author of confusion." (I Cor. 14:33), yet never has a book produced more confusion than the bible! There are hundreds of denominations and sects, all using the "inspired Scriptures" to prove their conflicting doctrines.

Why do trained theologians differ? Why do educated translators disagree over Greek and Hebrew meanings? Why all the confusion? Shouldn't a "divinely inspired" document be as clear as possible?

The problem is not with human limitations, as some claim. The problem is the bible itself. People who are free of theological bias notice that the bible contains hundreds of discrepancies. Should it surprise us when such a literary and moral mish-mash, taken seriously, causes so much discord? Here is a brief sampling of biblical contradictions.

Should we kill?

Ex. 20:13. Thou shalt not kill.

Ex. 32:27. Thus saith the Lord God of Israel. Put every man his sword by his side, . . . and slay every man his brother, . . . companion, . . . neighbor. (See also I Sam. 6:19; 15:2,3; Num. 15:36)

Should we tell lies?

Ex. 20:16. Thou shalt not bear false witness. (Prov. 12:22; Rev. 21:8)

I Kings 22:23. The Lord hath put a lying spirit in the mouth of all these thy prophets, and the Lord hath spoken evil concerning thee. (II Thess. 2:1; Josh. 2:4-6 with James 2:25)

Should we steal?

Ex. 20:15. Thou shalt not steal. (Lev. 19:13)

Ex. 3:22. And ye shall spoil the Egyptians. (Ex. 12:35-36; Luke 19:29-33)

Should we keep the sabbath?

Ex. 20:8. Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy. (Ex. 31:15; Num. 15:32,36)

Is. 1:13. The new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with: it is iniquity. (John 5:16; Matt. 12:1-5)

Shall we make graven images?

Ex. 20:4. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven . . . earth . . . water. (Lev. 26:1)

Ex. 25:18. And thou shalt make two cherubims of gold, of beaten work shalt thou make them.

Are we "saved" through works?

Eph. 2:8,9. For by grace are ye saved through faith . . . not of works. (Rom. 3:20,28; Gal. 2:16)

James 2:24. Ye see then how that by works a man is justified, and not by faith only. (Matt. 19:16)

Should good works be seen?

Matt. 5:16. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works. (I Peter 2:12)

Matt. 6:1-4. Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them . . . that thine alms may be in secret. (Matt. 23:5)

Should we own slaves?

Lev. 25:45-46. Moreover of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you, of them shall ye buy, . . . and they shall be your possession . . . they shall be your bondmen forever. (Gen. 9:25; Ex. 21:2,7; Joel 3:8; Luke 12:47; Col. 3:22)

Is. 58:6. Undo the heavy burdens . . . let the oppressed go free . . . break every yoke. (Matt. 23:10)

Does God change his mind?

Mal. 3:6. For I am the Lord: I change not. Num. 23:19 God is not a man, that he should lie; neither the son of man, that he should repent. (Ezek. 24:14; James 1:17)

Ex. 32:14. And the Lord repented of the evil which he thought to do unto his people. (Gen. 6:6; Jonah 3:10; I Sam. 2:30-31; II Kings 20:1-6; Num. 16:20-35)

Are we punished for our parents' sins?

Ex. 20:5. For I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation. (Ex. 34:7)

Ezek. 18:20. The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father.

Is God good or evil?

Psa. 145:9. The Lord is good to all. (Deut. 32:4; James 1:13)

Is. 45:7. I make peace and create evil. I the Lord do all these things. (Lam. 3:38; Jer. 18:11; Ezek. 20:25)

Is God peaceable?

Rom. 15:33. The God of peace. (Isaiah 2:4)

Ex. 15:3. The Lord is a man of war. (Joel 3:9-10)

Was Jesus peaceable?

John 14:27. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. (Luke 2:14; Acts 10:36)

Matt. 10:34. Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword. (Matt. 10:35-37; Luke 22:36)

Was Jesus trustworthy?

John 8:14. Though I bear record of myself, yet my record is true.

John 5:31. If I bear witness of myself, my witness is not true.

Shall we call people names?

Matt. 5:22. Whosoever shall say Thou fool, shall be in danger of hellfire.

Matt. 23:17. (Jesus said) Ye fools and blind.

Has anyone seen God?

John 1:18. No man hath seen God at any time. (Ex. 33:20; 1 Tim. 6:16; John 6:46; 1 John 4:12)

Gen. 32:30. For I have seen God face to face. (Ex. 33:11,23; Is. 6:1; Job 42:5)

How many gods are there?

Deut. 6:4. The Lord our God is one Lord.

Gen. 1:26. And God said, Let us make man in our image. (Gen. 3:22; 1 John 5:7)

Are we all sinners?

Rom. 3:23. For all have sinned. (Rom. 3:10; Psa. 14:3)

Job 1:1. There was a man . . . whose name was

Job; and that man was perfect and upright. (Gen. 7:1; Luke 1:5-6)

How old was Ahasiah?

II Kings 8:26. Two and twenty years old was Ahasiah when he began to reign.

II Chron. 22:2. Forty and two years old was Ahasiah when he began to reign.

Should we swear an oath?

Num. 30:2. If a man vow a vow unto the Lord, or swear an oath . . . he shall do according to all that proceedeth out of his mouth. (Gen. 21:23,24,31; 31:53; Heb. 6:13)

Matt. 5:34-35. But I say unto you, swear not at all: neither by heaven . . . nor by the earth.

When was Jesus crucified?

Mark 15:25. And it was the third hour, and they crucified him.

John 19:14-15. And about the sixth hour: and he saith unto the Jews, Behold your King! But they cried out . . . crucify him.

Shall we obey the law?

I Peter 2:13. Submit yourself to every ordinance of man.

Acts 5:29. We ought to obey God rather than men.

How many animals on the ark?

Gen. 6:19. And of every living thing of all flesh, two of every sort shalt thou bring into the ark. (Gen. 7:8-9,14-15)

Gen. 7:2. Of every clean beast thou shalt take to thee by sevens.

Were women and men created equal?

Gen. 1:27 vs. Gen. 2:18,23.

Were trees created before humans?

Gen. 1:11-12 vs. Gen. 2:4-9.

Did Michael have children?

II Sam. 6:23 vs. II Sam. 21:8.

Did Solomon have 4,000 or 40,000 stalls?

I Kings 4:26 vs. II Chron. 9:25.

Did Paul's men hear a voice?

Acts 9:7 vs. Acts 22:9.

Who was Joseph's father?

Matt. 1:16 vs. Luke 3:23.

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portrait had fooled
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distinguished scholars
such as Sir Hugo Very-
Ropey (now Lord Fakre)
to conclude that the
painting was the work of
a hitherto unknown
brother of the celebrated
15th century Florentine
master Il Duccio.

The *Man With A
Moustache* is now to be
extradited to Tel Aviv
where he will be hung in
front of huge crowds, in
what they will be calling
The Show Trial of the
Century.

Was **STAR TREK**^A Catholic Plot?

In Victorian novels characters were usually given significant names, names that described the character or had a special meaning in terms of the plot. The names of the characters in the original TV series 'Star Trek' are clearly 'pregnant' with meaning. Are these meanings of no significance beyond the spinning of a tale, or do they reveal a hidden, subliminal message to obey the Roman Catholic Church?

Impossible? then read on!

First let us take up the primary character, the mover and shaker, the guy in charge, Capt. James T. Kirk, commander of the Starship Enterprise.

'James' was the brother of Jesus, who took over the movement founded by Jesus after the crucifixion. The name means 'the supplanter' and is a variant of Jacob, one of the Patriarchs of the Old Testament. Kirk's middle name was Tiberius, a Roman Emperor. 'Kirk' is the most common European language spelling of the word that we know in English as 'church'. Put them all together: (James, brother of) Jesus, Roman (Emperor), Church; and what do you have? Roman Catholic Church! It was the Roman Catholic Church (RCC) that was in control of the Enterprise!

Who ran Kirk? Starfleet Command (SC). If Kirk is the RCC, then SFC has to be God. 'Fleet' can refer to a number of ships; it can also mean swift. Is it not 'God' who commands the 'stars' in their 'swift' passage through the heavens? More on this in a bit.

Under Kirk were two primary characters. The Medical Officer, Leonard McCoy, and the Science Officer, Mr. Spock.

Let's take up McCoy first. Leonard is Teutonic and it is 'hard', meaning "brave, or strong", plus 'Leo', the lion. No less than thirteen Popes have taken the name Leo. The Lion has been a symbol of Christianity nearly since its inception.

'McCoy' has two referents to American culture. Remember that Spock and McCoy, the emotionless and the emotional, were locked in a continuous feud. In American history we have the powerful image of the bitter feud between the Hatfields and the McCoys. Clearly, Dr. McCoy is the McCoys, and Spock represents the Hatfields (who lost). Also, we all know the expression "the real McCoy". It means that the item referred to is the genuine article, not an imitation or fake. So McCoy, the emotional winner of the feud, the lion, the Pope, the image of Christ (see C. S. Lewis' Narnia Series), champion and protector of the Christian Cause is the 'Real Thing' and Spock, is the impostor.

Just so you don't miss this, McCoy's assistant is Nurse Christine (a variant of Christ, Christian) Chapel!

Spock has no other names, he is simply, Mr. Spock. He is only half-human. His father was a Vulcan. "Vulcan" was the Roman god of fire and craftsmanship and lived in the underworld; the (scientific) Devil, Mephistopheles! Spock represents Science, an emotionless, intellectual activity,

cut off from and at odds (fueled) with 'real' human, i.e. emotional (Christian/religious) activities. The only name 'Spock' could refer to is Dr. Benjamin Spock, the baby doctor. So this clearly characterizes this daemon of Science as an infant. Dr. Spock was a secular humanist, a progressive, and an outspoken opponent of the Viet Nam War, which was just becoming a major shooting war at the time that Star Trek hit the air. Mr. Spock, the Devil, the half-human changeling, the anti-traditionalist, the secularist, the authoritative anti-authoritarian, was the very antithesis of what the RCC stood for. Of course McCoy was the Real Thing! ("Coke is the Real Thing" was Coca-Cola's campaign at the time, by the bye). The Christian Church, and particularly the RCC has always been an opponent of rational free thinking, and a proponent of emotional belief and blind 'faith'. That is what the Inquisition was all about, wasn't it? Mr. Spock, the free thinker, the Faustian Devil, would have been burned at the stake.

And just so you don't miss this, they gave him pointy ears!

In Star Trek, the RCC has won, for both Spock and McCoy were completely under the command of Kirk, The Roman Catholic Church! Kirk represents a face of the RCC that they would like us to believe is what the RCC is really like. Kirk was kind, almost indulgent of the 'fued' between his juniors, like a loving Father, yet firm and forceful when necessary -- and yet never too forceful. There are no Inquisitions on the Enterprise! (Except for that one episode where...)

There were two other principals on the Bridge of the Enterprise. Uhura and Scott.

Uhura is close to "Uhuru", Swahili for 'freedom' (perhaps a feminized ending?). Uhura is the Communications Officer, so she could be 'freedom of speech', but she doesn't speak for herself. She is the go-between for Kirk and the universe outside of the Enterprise, especially the link with Starfleet Command (God). So she is something closer to Religious Freedom, the freedom to receive messages from God, or perhaps, the freedom of mysticism, of direct personal communication with God. But her 'freedom' is one that is closely circumscribed! She only gets messages when they are sent, and can only send on command, like a slave (did I mention she was black? Could it be that calling her 'freedom' was a dark irony?). And who is in command of these communications with outside reality and God? Kirk, the RCC! Clearly, the message is that religious freedom is freedom to be Catholic; to perceive the universe with a Catholic mindset. And that perceived reality (the reality beyond one's own personal world (one's own personal starship)) is what the RCC says it is!

The other main character is the Enterprise's Chief Engineer, Mr. Scott. The Industrial Revolution began in Scotland. Mr. Scott's name is a perfect Victorian novel name that exactly describes his personality and his function, the simple mechanic. Mr. Scott would then appear to embody all the elements of the Industrial Revolution that the RCC is willing to accept (useful gadgets without any challenging ideas), and Spock represents those elements that the RCC wishes to crush.

What about Chekov and Sulu? They were added after the show had been on the air a few weeks and after viewers

complained that the Enterprise, which claimed to represent the whole Earth, had a very American-looking crew. They were added to give the Enterprise bridge crew a more international 'All Earth' look, and so they represent their respective nationalities, and by extension, the Second and Third Worlds, respectively. Both, of course, were completely under the control of Kirk, the RCC. This suggests that the whole world is run by the RCC or, at least, that they intend it to be in the future wherein Star Trek is set.

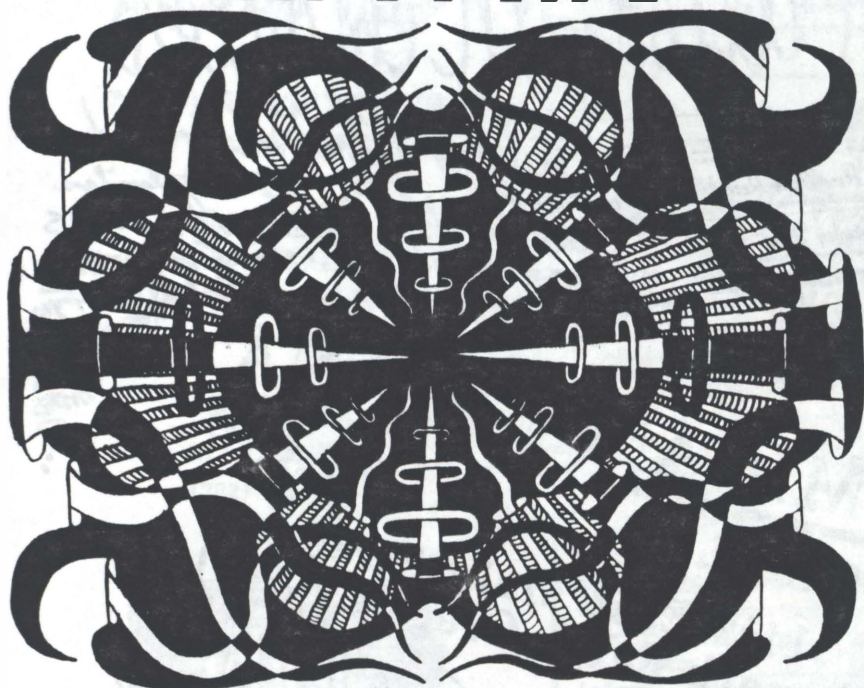
So, was Star Trek an attempt to subliminally convert America to Catholicism? Or could it have been a subtle slap in the face, acknowledging that the RCC has already taken control? Or have I just found a series of 'amazing coincidences'? Perhaps I am just being a touch paranoid...

If I may quote from my favorite rock band, Bonzo Dog Band: "Cling cling the ring/clang clang she sang/it's tragic magic/there are no coincidences/but sometimes the pattern is more obvious..."

jared o'danu

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WRETCHED BARABAS

"The hopeless daughter of a hapless Jew. The Jew of Malta, wretched Barabas..."

Christopher Marlowe

The Hole in the Sheet: A Modern Woman Looks at Orthodox and Hasidic Judaism. By Evelyn Kaye. Lyle Stuart, 219 pages, hard cover.

An apocryphal story out of Nazi Germany has it that Julius Streicher, the violently anti-Jewish editor of *Der Sturmer*, a newspaper somewhat to the right of Adolf Hitler, was widely regarded by the German people as having been of Jewish descent. The Teutons have a folk belief that only a Jew can be that anti-semitic.

Evelyn Kaye is the daughter of followers of orthodox Judaism. Her entire youth was spent within its severe confines, regulated in minute detail by the writings of 16th century rabbis ("... there are rules about everything you can think of. There are even rules about what you may think about when you are sitting on the toilet.") During those years inside orthodox Judaism, Kaye's rage was building, until she discovered feminism, unburdened herself of her Pharaissical baggage and found an outlet for her anger, abuse and humiliation by writing *The Hole in the Sheet*, a book that makes the *Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion* read like Paddington Bear in comparison.

The fact that a book this powerful was written by a Jew and published by a major house specializing in Judaica is a significant herald of the civil war emerging in Jewish ranks between leftist, secular Jews enamored of the modernity progenitors like Marx and Freud helped create (partly in reaction against the mental afflictions of orthodox Judaism), and the Hasidic and orthodox who lay claim to the Biblical side of Zionism, upon which the egregious real estate swindles in Palestine are based.

If this book does not go out of print immediately and receives the attention it deserves, it has the power to disabuse a generation of thus far hopelessly naive **goyim**, of their illusions about what Judaism at its core really is. And that reality is not pretty. *A Hole in the Sheet* is a descent into a snake pit of madness so dark and compelling that the reader cannot help recognizing in the schizophrenia depicted in Judaism, the outline of our own "Western" society. This book will give pause to those who have thrown themselves at the feet of the "Chosen," to the extent that our education, entertainment, information and art worlds have become not much more than shadows and reflections of Judaism.

In the past, any attempt to hint that the brutal truth about Judaism is that it is insanity codified, was met with the routine Newspeak clichés about "neo-Nazism" and "bigotry." Books proffered as evidence were dismissed as "Czarist forgeries" and "harbouring fascist sentiments." Kaye's book is neither and argues from the same "modern" and "enlightened" starting point that the liberals begin from when denouncing racism, reaction and ignorance. Not since Ben Hecht's *Perfidy* has there been a book as shattering in its revelation as *The Hole in the Sheet*. But whereas Hecht was a confirmed German-hater, Kaye appears to admire "righteous gentiles," her use of the word "holocaust" is minimal and in one moving passage she denounces Jewish contempt for the non-Jewish majority, "... for most of us growing up in this modern world, it's clear that the unreasoned hatred of a majority group is completely

unrealistic. It's hard to ignore the fact that the reason we (Jews) have running water and electricity in the house is because someone who most likely wasn't an Orthodox Jew built them in for us. And the reason the systems work is because people who are equally likely not Orthodox Jews keep them working."

The roots of the psychosis lie in the rabbinic mentality or as Kaye puts it, "The workings of the rabbinic mind are bizarre indeed." The relationship of the rank and file Orthodox Jew to his rabbi is not very different from the relation of the ordinary goy (non-Jew) to any Jew in America, a relationship characterized by nauseating sychophancy: "Among Hasidics, the rabbi-leader of the group is appointed by the rabbi-leader in power. Like a king he is revered. There's no recourse of any kind for criticism, complaints or change... At the frequent men-only meetings where the rabbi-leader addresses his followers in Yiddish, he spouts platitudes and out-dated teachings which they accept wholeheartedly. Afterwards, the men scramble to eat a crumb from the rabbi-leader's plate, fighting over the leftovers, struggling forward to touch his coat or his hand."

One can imagine just how "lofty" Judaism's Talmudic, legalistic thinking is when succored by such a following:

"There are those who believe that the rabbinic students who spend days arguing over the points of religious law in the schools of rabbinic studies are somehow benefiting from an educational method worthy of serious consideration. It's a misplaced admiration... The discussions are totally pointless, rooted in unreality... Jews have always been an argumentative and contentious people... They can continue to bat the issues back and forth, bringing up obscure points of law or ancient sayings. They know how to divert attention from the issue at hand. And they have no understanding at all of logical thinking... Their minds are successfully fogged up in an eternal wandering miasma... They are quite oblivious to the realities of the discussion; it's merely a pretext... for ignoring the basic commonsense of rational thought... The exaggerations and stories of miracles described in their books are particular and evident lies... fairy stories... Rumor, gossip and hearsay."

Scholarship is equally shoddy, without even Hebrew being actually mastered: "After years of this kind of learning, you'll find men who can read Hebrew beautifully, and understand remarkably little. They have minimal knowledge of the language."

Out of the rabbinic mind springs the rules, regulations, laws and fiats governing all things Jewish, especially that which concerns Sabbath day:

"assuming you decide **not** to travel, which is 'good,' you then have to worry about the sub-rules. For example, there are passionate discussions about what you may carry while walking on the Sabbath. If you are carrying something you are causing it to travel, and therefore may be actually doing work. The Orthodox go to great lengths to... make sure they wear their gloves all the time so they won't carry them by accident... you cannot turn the lights on or off, on the reasoning that you are causing work for the electricity, and work is forbidden on the Sabbath... They throw stones at cars passing through areas where they live on the Sabbath..."

But the regulations are just as intense on non-Sabbath days:

"Travel is a great problem. A man and a woman can travel in a car through an area as long as there are passers-by. Otherwise you have to have another man in the car, and there must be minimal traffic, which the rabbis see as 'one passing car every five minutes.' A woman may travel through a populated area in a taxi driven by a gentile only during the day. And some authorities maintain that these restrictions apply in an elevator.. It's like living in some maniacal life-size board game where every move involves a complicated sequence of reactions."

Or like living in an increasingly bureaucratized America where the six year olds must now have Social Security numbers to please the IRS and parents must have \$1000 and their life story ready in order to license their automobiles.

What Kaye terms "the undertones of craziness" become poignant when we learn that a Jewish woman may never sing in her husband's presence. The anti-life proscriptions extend to the female body where "Bare skin is extremely sinful. There are lengthy rabbinic discourses on whether it is acceptable to allow four inches of skin to be exposed on the arms, or whether it is too reprehensible to be accepted."

In matters of sexuality the sickness is particularly evident:

"Yes, the rabbis are absolutely fascinated by a woman's cycle of reproduction... (In) The Code of Jewish Law... there are 85 pages of rules, regulations and interpretations covering every minute aspect of the menstrual cycle... The rabbis drew up a series of definitions for 'Regular Periods'... 'Irregular Periods,' which they divide up into Lunar cycles, Same-Interval cycles and 'Thirty Day cycles.'"

Which brings us to the eponymous "hole in the sheet:"

"... during sexual intercourse, there are strict rules about what you may wear, what you must think and how you must behave... In order to protect the modesty of the wife during intercourse, a sheet is kept between her and her husband, with a hole at the appropriate place for the correct connection to be made... When having intercourse, one should think of some subject of the Torah, or of some other sacred subjects... A man may never see his wife undressed... It is forbidden to have intercourse by a light, even if the light is shut out by means of a garment; but it is permissible if one makes a partition, ten handbreadths (forty inches) high in front of the light... At night if the moon shines directly upon them it is forbidden, but if it does not shine directly upon them it is permissible if that light is shut out by a garment... If possible, a man should be careful not to have cohabitation either at the beginning or at the end of the night, but in the middle... It is forbidden to have cohabitation in the market places, in streets, in gardens, or in orchards..."

The author adds the observation that, "It's a wonder any procreation takes place at all with so much to concentrate on." Another wonder is the fact that a people burdened with a heritage so tragically warped, would somehow be appointed the counselors, "sexologists" and therapists for the rest of us. From Freud to Dr Ruth, from Ann Landers to "Dear Abby" the children of Barabas lay down the rules and guidelines of mental health and human sexuality for gentiles. Equally fascinating is the process whereby, up until the publication of this book, the White Christians of the Victorian era were transformed into synonyms for sex repression and insanity, with

"pious" Jews escaping notoreity or investigation.

And now we come to the final heart of darkness in this harrowing book. to confront head-on, a people tortured, disfigured and consumed by guilt, sex and ultimately, violence. Infant circumcision is a procedure many have condemned as cruel even when performed by a physician in surgical privacy accompanied by a local anaesthetic. But a Khazar circumcision is an exercise in cruelty difficult to comprehend:

"... as soon as he (the baby)'s made it through the first seven days, you are going to invite a crowd of friends over, serve drink and food, and have your basic-black-bearded rabbi, expert in slicing and called a 'Mohel,' come over and chop a piece off Sammy's penis... I once attended a circumcision. I have never forgotten the experience. I was twenty-one and visiting Israel. One weekend we went to a religious 'kibbutz,' a collective farm. On the Sunday morning, a circumcision ceremony took place in the main meeting hall. We all filed in, chatting and laughing. When the room was almost full, the family came in, and walked up to the platform. There were about a dozen people, mostly men, including a black-robed rabbi. They crowded round so that we could only see their backs. We glimpsed the tiny baby on the table in the middle. There was the mumbling of prayers and chanting. The rabbi swayed. Suddenly there was a piercing scream of pain from the baby, followed by cries of anguish and howling terror. Then there was agonized sobbing and crying (from the baby). The people in the hall clapped and shouted 'Mazeltoy!' meaning 'Good Luck!' and the talking and laughing continued, drowning out the screams of the baby. The ceremony ended. Wine and cake were served... here was an ancient ceremony being conducted with the same voyeuristic liplicking delight with which people must have watched public hangings, whippings, executions. A crowd of modern, adult people stood cheering on a man with a knife who sliced the penis of a baby, causing great pain and discomfort for no good reason... the repulsiveness of a public circus..."

From here Kaye proceeds on toward the most heavily concealed and taboo area in all of Judaism: in a creed that has made a religion out of claiming the world holds a racist, persecuting bias against them, Kaye confirms what non-Jews from Martin Luther to L.A. Rollins have long asserted - that Jews themselves harbor feelings of extreme racism and hostility toward the "goyim." Kaye says that this hatred is inculcated in Jewish children from the beginning:

"The mark of a truly devout Hasidic or Orthodox Jew, as well as many other Jews, is an unquestioned hatred of non-Jews... the essence of anti-Goyism is passed to Jewish children with their mother's milk, and then nurtured, fed and watered carefully into a full-blown phobia throughout their lives... They know whom to hate... They want their children to hate Goyim... It's so deeply ingrained that even to say something nice about a non-Jew is suspect."

Kaye lists many of the negative attributes of non-Jews according to the Orthodox system as well as outlining Jewish racial bias against Hispanics and negroes. Meanwhile a trip to any big city bookstore will reveal a shelf-full of novels and histories by luminaries like Elie Wiesel and others, extolling the "Orthodox" as paragons of

tolerance, wisdom, virtue, laughter and love. Up until the publication of *The Hole in the Sheet*, only traditional Judaism was immune from attack among ancient religions in the modern world. All others – Islam, Calvinism, Puritanism, pre-Vatican II Catholicism – have been attacked, mocked and lampooned. Only Judaism remained intact. But no longer.

While many passages in *The Hole in the Sheet* evoke the standard, tiresome rhetoric of the women's libbers, whole pages of it brim with some of the most amazing, devastating information and barbs ever published in the realm of Judaica. Kaye concludes her bombshell with the enshrinement of "modernity" and "progress," understandable beacons to a woman so sorely oppressed by the Pharaical spirit of 2,000 years inheritance. But by grasping after the equally depraved, modern Jewish reaction to Orthodox Judaism's misogyny, regimentation and racism, the author becomes ensnared by such secular Jewish prophets as Friedan, Steinam, Abzug and Dworkin in addition to Marx and Freud. Thus, she remains in thrall to wretched Barabas as a hopeless daughter of a philosophy – whether in ancient or modern guise – which is overwhelmingly anti-natural and cut-off from the springs of life.

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TALES FROM THE RUDE MORGUE

(being a quick description of two items concerning the corpse of the Church of the Subgenius TM, as sketched by Neal Keating, years before the Xists)

JOHN HAGEN-BRENNER IS THE SUBGENIUS WHO MAILED A BOMB TO BOB BLACK (#3 from Slobbovated Press, P.O. Box 2159, Albany, NY 12220) & THE STARK FIST OF REMOVAL (? from the Church of the Subgenius TM, P.O. Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214).

Once a project has died, all that remains is the activity of assembling the documentation of its achievements and its failures. This is exactly what we have here. While not a full documentation of the entire breadth of the Church of the Subgenius TM (if in fact it ever took one), it is a fairly poignant record of its death throes, complete with U.S. district court documents of Hagen-Brenner's confession. You'll also find several graveside eulogies from G. Krupey, Dadata as well as Bob Black.

By now the story has gotten around: Bob Black wrote a review of Subgenius TM overlord Ivan Stang's magnum opus, High Weirdness by Mail, a review which employed verbal pyrotechnics for maximum slash effect. Shortly after this review began to be published and republished around the country, BB received a letter bomb from Hagen-Brenner (aka Satellite Weavers, co-designer of The Book of the Subgenius c) as a retaliation. Apparently Hagen-Brenner, frustrated at his inability with words and ideas, opted for more physical pyrotechnics to respond to his critic.

What stands out in this little tale of woe is that Hagen-Brenner was never referred to at all in the review of HWBM. Clearly then, he was acting at the behest of Stang (following orders from on high) and in defense of the idiotic pseudo-cult of Subgenius TM. Such willingness to act for someone else's self-interest ought to earn him honorary membership in the RCP, effective immediately. And of course, when it came time for Hagen-Brenner to cringe before the US district court in California, Stang & Co. were nowhere to be found. Such are the wages of the good soldier.

Overall, this situation highlights the constant festering the corpse of Subgenius TM has been experiencing for quite some time. The desperation with which its impoverished doktors, high priests and swamis grab at any idea which seems kind of clever ought to be indication enough that here is a joke that has been told far too many times to be funny anymore.

What we find when we go through the latest "Stark Fist of Removal" (the official Subgenius TM periodical) is a singular mindset (although the publication runs some 140 pages or so) that endlessly repeats itself, reminding us of Nichiri Daishonin Buddhism (chanting for \$\$) and other banalities. Why can't Subgenius TM be more like Jim Jones instead of like the moonies?

From the word go, Subgenius TM was an exercise in recuperation, seizing upon the anarchic tendencies of absurdism and fashioning them into bite-size nugget of watered-down outrageousness that would be palatable to the liberal intelligentsia without causing them any harm (such as really turning their world upside down). As such, Subgenius TM is a testament to the marketing of fashioned needs, although even here it has proved a failure, unable to adapt to the ever-changing demands of its consumer market. I mean, even McDonalds learned to serve chicken. The irony is that had Stang the guts to embrace anarchy (at least in theory), he probably would have been a much more successful capitalist. In the end, his brev was just too weak. Even his mad mail-bombing lackey failed. In fact, the only thing that has successfully bombed is the Church of Subgenius TM itself.

THREE-FISTED TALES OF "BOB": SHORT STORIES IN THE SUBGENIUS MYTHOS, Edited by "Reverend" Ivan Stang, 1990, Fireside/Simon & Schuster, NY. Reviewed by Greg Krupey.

ONE-HANDED TALES OF "BOB" would have been a better title for this collection of masturbatory self-indulgence. A group circle jerk among members of a mutual admiration society is what most of it, uh, comes off as. But there is no denying that this book is a real page-turner... I turned many pages trying to find one story worth reading.

I bought my copy (Don't ask me why I shelled out the \$10.95 plus tax for it. I still don't know why I shelled out \$20 for membership in the Church of the SubGenius a few years back.) to read the selections of four authors: William S. Burroughs, Robert Anton Wilson, John Shirley, and conspiriologist Waves Forest. Burrough's piece, "Sects and Death", is old, previously seen in ~~Samotext~~(?) USA. It opens the book, and contains no mention of "BOB", a point enormously in its favor. R.A. Wilson's piece is an amusing piece of fluff incorporating elements of parody of H.P. Lovecraft's Cthulhu Mythos and Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes stories with extensive footnotes referring to various conspiracies real and imagined. "BOB" appears, aptly enough, as a drunken redneck. Like anything Wilson writes, it is worth reading, if only for its entertainment value. But it isn't worth the price of this book. I couldn't even finish the pieces by Shirley and Waves Forest. I had the same problem with the pieces by the others, dyed-in-the-wool-pulled-over-their-own-eyes SubGeniuses all.

One can only wonder why these people find something like this to be worth their time and energy. There are flashes of creativity here and there, even among the BOBBIE types whose only claim to fame (such as it is) is to being members of the Crutch of the SubGenius. But it is wasted on this drivel. Which leads me to ask if "Sub-genius" wasn't a more prophetic designation than intended. Clearly someone like Paul Mavrides ("LIES") is squandering his talent here.

I don't know what excuse he or the others might offer. Maybe it was smoking too much frop. Or maybe that third nostril operation has irreversible, adverse side effects.

Whatever. It hardly matters. Is it any accident that a joke cult of supposed abnormals (read hyper-creative, on-the-cutting-edge bohemians) would produce this lame effort,

351 pages of variations on the same stale old joke? Was it an accident that the (appropriated) image of the messiah of this supposed ultimate haven for terminal iconoclasts and nonconformists would be that of an extremely average-looking, white American patriarch, the Normale? Think: many people spent the Sixties trying to get out from under the domination of the real "BOB's" of this world. About twenty years later, along comes Stang trying to invest that image with all the emotional significance of an archetype and corral all the refugees from the American Dream, all the black sheep, under the smiling visage of the benevolent despot, "BOB". Did you ever find the barely-disguised Texas cowpoke macho of Stang's pseudo-fundamentalist rantings (a parody, right) and near-Birchite ravings too close to the real thing for comfort? Patrio-psychotic Anarcho-materialism? Hell, I thought that was the Conspiracy! Ask them what they think about that in Honduras or somewhere else where they wouldn't "get" "BOB".

Several prominent Sub-Genii are conspicuous by their absence here. The most notable of female Subs, Yael Dragvyla, is missing. (In fact, women in general are conspicuous by their absence from the Spazz Church of Macho Irony. Maybe "BOB" won't let them out of the harem.) Another MIA is Hellavami Satellite Weavers, aka John Hagen-Brenner, who sent a letterbomb to Sub-heretic Bob Black. That part about "BOB" valuing schizmatiks and rouge Subgeniuses the most was the real joke, you see.

Which brings me back to Burroughs' piece. It's about cults and how they all eventually become, no matter how benevolent their original intentions or stated premises, dangerous gangs of deluded paranoids lashing out at enemies actual and fabricated. To start a successful cult, says Burroughs, you must first assure that the leader's voice replaces the follower's voice in his head (ego, conscience, etc. Endless hours of listening to tapes of the leader is one effective method to do this.) The second step is for the cult to make enemies, even if there aren't any. The sheep need to feel protected from something, otherwise they won't feel Chosen. In which case they'll defect from the cult. What is needed then is an aggressive cadre willing to use violence to defend the faith and silence its critics. This ensures reprisals and a continuing cycle of conflict that grows wider as it continues. This is because cultists, just like fundamentalist Christians, must always be right. As one famous cult leader once said, you're either for me or against me. In the light of recent events, I find it ironic that Stang chose this piece to open the book. Maybe he should read it again.

The book ends with a typical and typically shameless Sub-Genius plea, nay, DEMAND for the reader to spend more money on future volumes in the series. This Svaggart-like spiel has the gall to claim: "We have never demanded that you like this stuff; we, unlike the Conspiracy, WANT you to make up your own mind."

I have.

An Unknown Casualty

With the Persian Gulf war over and won, the Air Force has chosen to disclose a fact that few television viewers or newspaper readers could have suspected while the fighting was going on: The famous "smart bombs" made up only 7 percent of all the U.S. explosives dropped on Iraq and Kuwait.

In fact, despite all those TV scenes of precision-guided bombs going down the chimneys or in the doors of Iraqi targets, 70 percent of the 88,500 tons of bombs dropped on Iraq and Kuwait in 43 days of war missed their targets. This is not a condemnation of the Air Force, which did an outstanding combat job and voluntarily made these facts public — after the war. It is a damning commentary on the controlled information policy exercised by the Pentagon during the war. And it's no compliment to the American press or public, both of which too tamely accepted military censorship.

The point is not that military officials lied; they said the war was being won, and it was. It is not even that they impermissibly distorted the facts; smart bombs were about 90 percent successful — though the nation was not told that 81,980 tons of unguided bombs had an accuracy rating of only about 25 percent. Of these, 62,137 tons missed their targets.

The real, and dangerous, point is that the Bush Administration and the military were so successful in controlling information about the war that they were able to tell the public just about what they wanted the public to know. Perhaps worse, press and public largely acquiesced in this disclosure of only selected information.

Suppose the military had been lying? Suppose the briefers had been radically distorting the facts? Suppose in the next war — and all the talk about *Pax Americana* presupposes one — Pentagon and military officials are not so circumspect as Generals Schwarzkopf and Powell and Secretary Cheney usually were this time? If information can be controlled at all, without public reaction or suffi-

cient press protest, it can be controlled to any particular purpose the controllers may desire.

Since the fighting ended, we have learned — for another example — that the vaunted Patriot anti-missile missiles were destroying Scud missiles as claimed, but not Scud warheads. The catastrophic damage said to have been inflicted on Kuwait by Iraqi invaders has been downgraded, both as to its extent and the cost of restoration. While there's no doubt that the occupation was bestial, it's no longer clear that Iraqis actually threw babies out of their incubators, as was alleged during the war.

There's nothing new in wartime about exaggerated claims of success or inflammatory charges of enemy atrocities. The need to keep the home fires burning is obvious; and since the days of Alexander the Great, it's been acknowledged that the first casualty of war is truth.

Nor is there anything new in the military trying to control information. Censorship of reporters' stories was imposed in World War II. Though there was no censorship in Vietnam reporters were given guidelines as to what could not be reported, and briefers — in Saigon and in the field — habitually put the best face on things.

In the gulf war, however, though it was clearly a less challenging episode than World War II and Vietnam the military went further than ever in order to control information. Not only did stories have to be cleared before publication or airing; reporters and cameras were limited in their movements and inadequate "pool" coverage was the rule. Even troop interviews were monitored and sometimes forbidden. Ernie Pyle, the famous World War II correspondent, could not have done his work with his movements so limited.

Polls showed that the American public by a wide margin approved this drastic information control. One reason may have been demonstrated public dislike for the press; another probably was that so much informa-

tion seemed to come through on television, and so many events were shown as they happened, that many Americans watching at home did not realize that they were seeing only what their Government and military permitted them to see — not including the bodies of dead Americans or “collateral damage” in Iraqi cities.

Nor did press and television, to their discredit, protest as effectively as they should have, or always make it as clear as they could have, that much of what they conveyed — like the can't-miss version of Air Force bombings — was not only controlled by the military but prettified for home consumption. Thus was the First Amendment badly wounded in Desert Storm — though war-giddy Americans seemed not to know about or mourn this national casualty. □



IT'S TIME FOR THE 11 00 NEWS...

GOOD EVENING! IN THE NEWS TONIGHT--100,000 DEMONSTRATORS GATHERED IN THE STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO TODAY TO PROTEST AGAINST THE WAR IN THE GULF...



100,000 PEOPLE? GOSH, DIFF--THAT'S COMPLETELY AT ODDS WITH THE CURRENT MEDIA PERCEPTION OF A NATION STRONGLY UNITED BEHIND THE PRESIDENT!



THAT'S TRUE, BETTY! THAT'S WHY WE'LL DOWNPLAY THE MAGNITUDE OF THE EVENT BY RUNNING ONLY A FEW BRIEF SECONDS OF FOOTAGE FROM THE DEMONSTRATION...



...FOLLOWED IMMEDIATELY BY COVERAGE OF FIFTEEN ANTI-WAR DEMONSTRATORS IN WALNUT CREEK--SUBTLY INDICATING THAT THE TWO EVENTS ARE OF EQUAL IMPORTANCE!



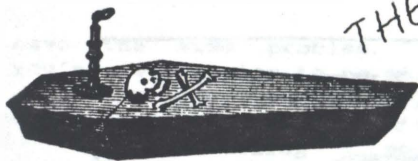
FINALLY, WE'LL CONCLUDE THE SEGMENT WITH THE LATEST NETWORK NEWS POLL SHOWING THAT A SOLID 97% OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE BELIEVE THE ANTI-WAR PROTESTERS ARE TRAITOROUS DOGS FOR WHOM HANGING IS TOO GOOD!



COMING UP NEXT: REALLY COOL FOOTAGE OF JET FIGHTERS AND EXPLOSIONS.



THEY'RE BACK



THE MASONIC RIPPER

The five murders attributed to Jack the Ripper were accomplished by left-to-right knife strokes across the victim's throat.

In Freemasonry, at the various levels of initiation, the initiate performs certain "mimes" depicting the penalties he must pay if he violates the oaths of the Freemasons. In the beginning degree, that of "Entered Apprentice", the mime is a left-to-right stroke of the hand across the neck.

Exact information on only three of the five victims exists. A report on the condition of the second victim's corpse states: "The intestines, severed from their mesenteric attachments, had been lifted out of the body and placed on the shoulder of the corpse." The inquest report on the fourth victim, Catherine Eddoves, details: "The abdomen wall was exposed. The intestines were drawn out to a large extent and placed over the right shoulder."

The protocols of the Freemasons state the method for dealing with traitorous Master Masons: "...by the breast being torn open and the heart and vitals taken out and thrown over the left shoulder."

The discrepancy between the left and the right shoulders may have been due to the particularly exposed location of the Eddoves murder (Mitre square), as well as to the possible use of a non-Masonic accomplice.

The inquest on Eddoves also stated: "A triangular flap of skin had been reflected from each cheek..."

Two triangles comprise the sacred sign of Masonry.

The murder of Marie Kelly can be compared in its details to an engraving by William Hogarth, one of the first to expose the workings of the Masons. Hogarth's engraving, "The Reward of Cruelty", shows a victim laid out naked with a Masonic cable (an explicit Masonic symbol of throat-cutting) about his neck. The victim is having his face mutilated, while one of the three Masonic killers is mutilating the eyes with a knife. The stomach and abdomen are ripped open, the heart cut out, and the left hand lays across the chest in the same position that Kelly's was found in. The legs and feet are being skinned. These mutilations describe perfectly the condition of the corpse of Marie Kelly.

The rumor of the "leather apron" interestingly parallels the Masonic vestment, referred to as a leather apron, although actually being comprised of lambskin. A portion of the apron worn by Eddoves was carefully cut off by the murderer(s) and was found in the passage of Wentworth Dwellings with a message in chalk scrawled on the wall behind. The message was:

The Juves are
The men That
Will not
be Blamed
for nothing

"Juves" is not a misspelling of "Jews", as has always been assumed, but are in Masonic lore three apprentice masons who killed the master builder Hiram Abiff.

"Jack the Ripper, the Final Solution" by Stephen Knight, published in 1976, details these and other elements that suggest the Ripper slayings may not have been the work of a lone madman, but the commission of a plot hatched by extremely influential Freemasons of the day.

As Stephen Knight explains it, Joseph Sickert revealed to a BBC reporter a story that his deceased father, Walter Sickert had told to him. Sickert's father, a famous English painter, had been a friend of Prince Eddy, Duke of Clarence, the son of Prince Albert, heir to the throne. Walter Sickert had his studio at No.22 Cleveland Street where Anne Elizabeth Crook worked, as well as Marie Kelly, the last victim of the Ripper. Here Prince Eddy met Crook (a Roman Catholic commoner), became involved with her and was then married to her in a secret ceremony in St. Saviour's Chapel.

A child was born: Alice Margaret.

A police raid took place in the area and two people were arrested: Prince Eddy and Crook. Eddy was released, while Anne Elizabeth Crook, as detailed by Knight and confirmed by records of the period, was confined to workhouses and mental institutions until her death in 1920.

Marie Kelly, the last victim of the Ripper, fled with the child and hid in a convent. The child was later returned to Sickert and placed in the care of his relatives.

According to Knight, the reason for the Ripper events was that Marie Kelly, along with three cohorts, tried to betray the throne with information about the marriage of Prince Eddy to a Roman Catholic (then a despised minority) and the birth of the child.

The disposal of Marie Kelly and her partners in blackmail was entrusted to Sir William Gull, Physician Ordinary to Queen Victoria, whose previous services to the Queen included the signing of the document certifying Anne Elizabeth Crook as insane, and the performance of royal abortions.

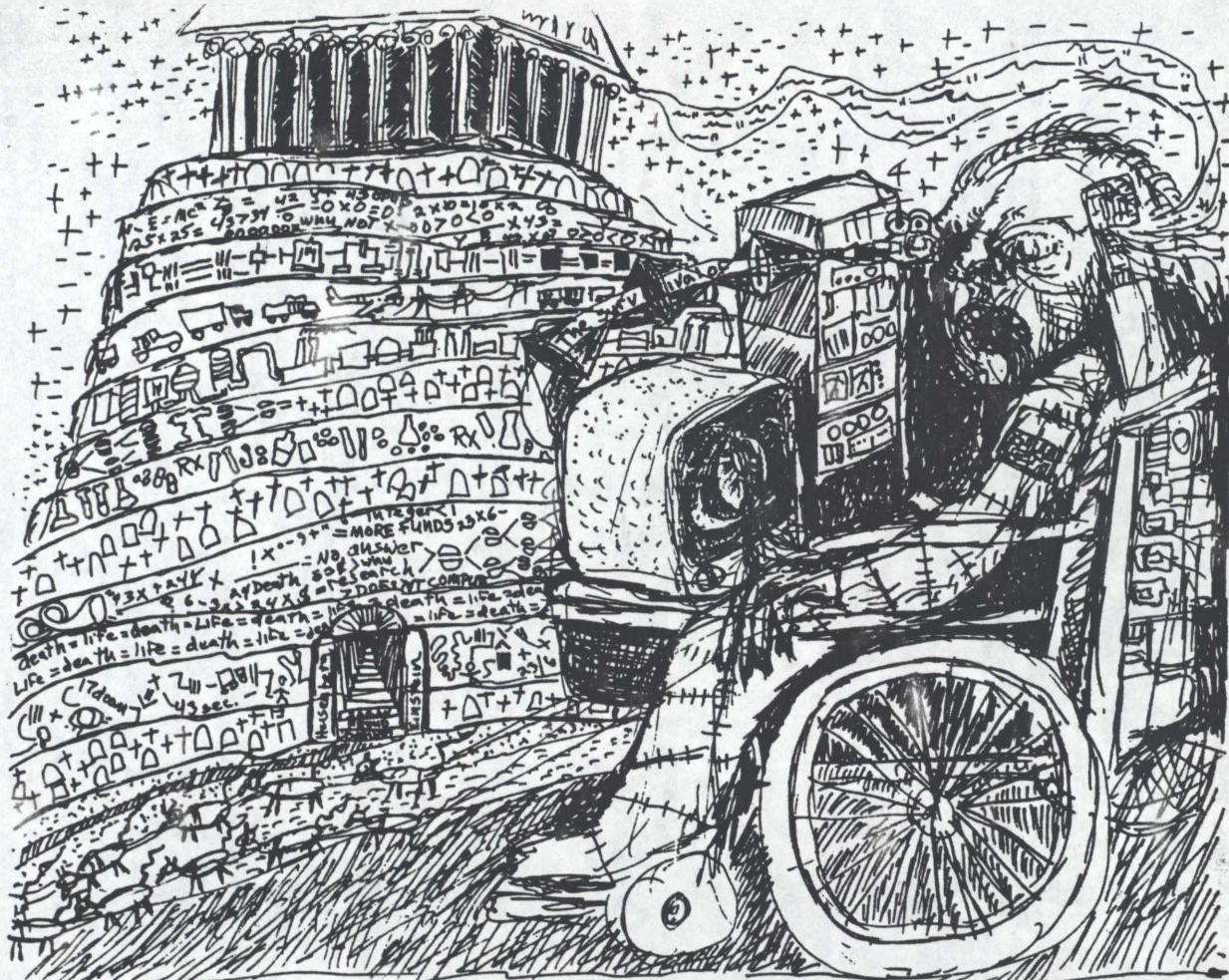
Gull was a prominent Freemason, and his responsibility for dealing with the threat had everything to do with his Masonic vows. Any threat to the throne was a threat to Freemasonry. The Masons were the secret power behind the throne and if the throne fell (which was a distinct possibility at that time, due to general unrest and the popularity of Socialism) then the Masons would fall, too.

William Gull enlisted the help of fellow Masons in the commission of the murders.

The location of the last murder, Mitre Square, is of particular significance. For an ordinary criminal the choice of Mitre Square would be extremely improbable, since it is completely exposed. But Mitre Square comprises the second most important Masonic locale in London, after the Great Hall of the Grand Lodge.

Since the appearance of the book a number of television documentaries and even a movie have been made, bringing forth some details of the Knight theory. Curiously, all of the productions have attempted to some extent to discredit the theory, leaving out relevant details so as to seem that it rests upon one or two coincidences, not mentioning Freemasonry, or glossing over any connection to the throne.

--Keith



YEHOVAH GOD IN GLORY IN 1991, 1

יהוה
GOD'S NAME
IN HEBREW

YEHOVAH or YAHWEH
Psalm 83:18 Psalm 68:4

-LORD Acts 2:34-36
JESUS CHRIST-SON OF GOD John 20:17,31
-SAVIOR Acts 4:10-12

STUDY THE HOLY BIBLE
KING JAMES VERSION

7 times 70 years = 70 weeks-Daniel 9.24
7 times 7 years = 7 weeks-Daniel 9.25

7 times = 7x360 days in a prophetic year = 2520 days = 2520 years ; Revelation 11.2-3

607 B.C.E.-Jerusalem destroyed July + 7 times = 1914+70 years=1984
537 B.C.E.-Worship restored Sept/Oct + 7 times = 1984+7 years=1991
ARMAGEDDON

THE SON OF MAN COMETH AT AN HOUR WHEN YE THINK NOT ... BUT THE HOLY GHOST
Revelation 3.3 Luke 12.39-40 Mark 13.11

APOCALYPSE/REVELATION
chapters 1-11: 1914-1991
chapters 12-22: 1984-1991
chapter 11 1984-1991

JESUS, HIS 144000 MEN
WORLD GOVERNMENT 1991
ON THIS EARTH FOREVER
Revelation 20.6;22.5

FALSE MAN-MA E TEMPLE
Acts 17.24;20.29;Matthew 7.21-23
High priest- Pope
priests-Christian clergymen
prominent followers
majority of other Christians

AWFUL HORROR-Matthew 24.15
FALSEHOOD IN CHRISTIAN TEMPLES:
2 Thessalonians 2.1-12:1984-1991

seal 1: GOD'S KINGDOM GOSPEL 1914-1984 1/3 of earth
seal 2: FIRST WORLD WAR 1914-1918 1/3 of sea
seal 3: WORLD DEPRESSION 1929-1933 1/3 of rivers
seal 4: SECOND WORLD WAR 1939-1945 1/3 of heavens

OUTER SIDE: 42 months+42 months-Revelation 11.2;13.5
INNER SIDE: 1260 days+1260 days-Revelation 11.3;12.6

The WORD was with GOD
and the WORD was GOD-John 1.1
The second word GOD looks like the first word GOD

GOD'S SABBAT-Genesis 2.3;Luke 23.43;John 5.17
4010 3010 2010 1010 10 991 1991 2991
Before Common Era SABBAT
4027-Man created Revelation
4010-Man expelled 20.4-6

Only the law of the Sabbath in 10 Commandments
has to be obeyed only in one day of a week:
on 7th day.We don't break the law of Sabbath
while we wait for it for 6 days.We don't obey
ordinary Sabbats,yet we don't break the law
because we wait for the glorious Sabbath of
1991-2991 to sanctify it-Colossians 2.16-17;
Hebrews 4;Romans 14.5;10.3-4;Galatians 3.1-29

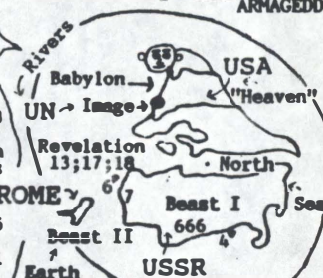
BELIEVE IN GOD JEHOVAH
BELIEVE ALSO IN JESUS
John 16.1,28,6-11;10.30;17.11,3

PRAY ONLY TO JEHOVAH
John 16.23;20.17;Acts 4.23-31

WHEN MAN DIES,HIS SOUL ALSO DIES
Job 3;Psalms 7.2;49.15;78.50;146.4

THE WICKED WILL BE DESTROYED FOR EVER
Psalms 9.5;37.10,20;92.7;Isaiah 26.14

MEN AND WOMEN WILL MARRY IN PARADISE
Psalm 128.1-6;Genesis 1.28;2.18-25



USSR: enmity against JEHOVAH
UN: ungodly man's works
Rome: false beliefs,rules
USA: love of money
666 6x6x6=216 6+6+6=18
four times 216 = 864=18

TRUE GOD-MADE TEMPLE
1 Corinthians 3.16 John 7.39
3 B.C.E.-106,1883-1991=216 years
High priest- JESUS CHRIST
slain to redeem us
Hebrews 2;Isaiah 53
priests-144000 disciples
Revelation 14.1;5.9
Matthew 11.11;19.28
other true Christians: not many

YEHOVAH IS SALVATION-JESUS CHRIST-ANointed BY YAH
ISAIAH 43.11 JOHN 3.18;19.20 ISAIAH 61.1

YEHOVAH CAN NEVER BE SEEN,HAD NO BEGINNING IN TIME,HAS NO END IN SPACE,IS NOT MAN
3 John 1.11;1 Timothy 6.16;Jeremiah 23.24;Psalm 147.8;Job 36.27;34.21;Hosea 11.9.
JEHOVAH REVEALED GLORY OF HIS NAME-John 17.26;Exodus 6.1-8.AMEN.AMEN.HALLELUJAH!!

to all who do not conform to the monster-made laws of the land that's forgotten the meaning of love, marriage, home!

WORD
The truth about the Nazis from
the cradle to the battlefield!
...KILLERS

That's the New "Education for Death,"
Smoking Things, Noted Things, Smoking
Things, Unbelievable Death Death Parts Go
making for the first time on The Screen

It Tells How They Train
Kids To Hunt

It Tells How They Breed Babies For War

It Tells How They
met—Romance.

Let's
Hear How They Hate You
And You. And YOU - And
Everything You Stand For!

the Navy
the battlefield!
EN FOR KILLERS!
GRADE SCHOOL!
S HIGH SCHOOL!
CE OF CRIME!
"Education for Death."
"Ravage" "Ravage" "Ravage"
Grade School! High School!
First Time On The Screen

WHEN COWS BARK

BASED ON

BASED ON
GREGOR ZIEMER'S
"EDUCATION FOR DEATH"
The book that shocked the world
—and as told in
READER'S DIGEST

RKO RADIO

GIVES YOU GREAT

BOMBA GRANVILLE - KENT
RUGER - M. B. WARNER and
GAGE - HANS CONSID
HANCOCK GATES

THE GREATEST DRAMA OF HUMAN HISTORY

(Excerpted from: WHEN COWS BARK
A Personal History of Moral Decay,
a work-in-progress.)
by
Bradley R. Smith

The other night I dreamed about the number eighteen. At first there was only the number, then there was the understanding that I had eighteen minutes left to live. Eighteen minutes to prepare myself to die properly, with a little style. I knew that wasn't enough time, not for me. Then I realized it wasn't minutes, that I had eighteen hours to make the proper arrangements. But I knew I wouldn't be able to do it right in eighteen hours either because I'm just not ready and when I woke up the body was swamped with fear.

The next day after work I parked the pickup in Mother's drive and went inside to have a chat and pick up my wash. In her front room she was in the wheel chair at the card table eating off the tray Alicia had prepared. The front of her dress was stained from breakfast and lunch. Her left hand was making involuntary movements from side to side. Sometimes she would press it down on her thigh, sometimes she would hold it with the other hand.

"Well," she said, "what did you get done today?"

"I worked on the Topanga Canyon job," I said. "It went pretty well."

"Are you going to have any money this week? We need a marketing done around here."

"I'll be able to do a marketing. No sweat. Then I may take a little trip. I feel like I need a little adventure."

"What are you talking about?," Mother said. "Your adventuring days are over. Who do you know who's fifty years old and talks about having a little adventure?"

"You think it's all over with me, eh?"

"It's been over with you for years." She looked at me sideways and laughed. There was food in her mouth. "You're so absent-minded you just haven't noticed. Don't talk to me about having a little adventure. Just do the marketing. Make yourself useful around here."

"Alright, Ma."

"A little adventure," she said. "If you only knew how asinine that sounds."

In the dining room the paper bag was on the sewing machine with my wash that Alicia had folded neatly inside. There was some mail and I put that in the bag, said goodbye, locked the front door, turned off the porch light and walked down the hill toward my room.

I was taking off my boots when the telephone made the special ring. It was Jenny. We chatted about this and that and then she said: "Bradley, you know how Princess has all those allergies? The way she scratches and chews herself all the time?"

"Yes."

"I'm afraid she just feels miserable all the time."

"She's so insouciant it's hard to tell how she really feels. But if I was a dog and had to spend all my time scraping my belly across the asphalt in the alley I don't think I'd feel real good about my life."

"It's hard for me to say it," Jenny said, "but maybe it's time for Princess to go to dog heaven."

"I think you're right. She'll like it up there too."

"I don't feel comfortable saying it."

"I think her time has come. One day we're all going to

have the same problem. She's no good the way she is and you're never going to be able to fix her."

"She's a good barker," Jenny said. "It's nice to know she's here at night when I'm alone."

"Well, she is a good barker. She's getting good at biting too. The other day when I went over there to meet the washing machine repairman she'd already bitten him twice."

"Really?"

"Not that he minded all that much. He's Mexican, you know."

"Don't try to be outrageous, Bradley."

"Alright."

"The problem for me is, I feel guilty about taking her to the pound."

"That's only cultural you know. It's not real. The Vietnamese, they have a different culture so they eat the dogs. Have you noticed how few dogs are running loose in Hollywood these days and how sleek the Vietnamese look?"

"Is that true?"

"When you get Princess to the pound, pretend she's something to eat, something you feel you have the moral right to kill. Pretend she's a cow. You've always been fond of cows and you eat them too. If you pretend she's a cow you'll be able to off her and not have any real feelings about it."

"I see," Jenny said.

"Or you could give her to a Vietnamese child and make the kid promise he won't eat her. The kid will promise you. The Vietnamese are so polite they'll promise you anything and after he eats her you can say he promised and it isn't your fault."

Jenny said: "I feel like I need a dog that barks."

"Listen, I think you've got it. Take your cow to the pound and while you're there pick up a barking dog. If you get it home and it doesn't bark good you can take it back and trade it for one that works. This is something you don't want to be sentimental about."

"I feel bad just thinking about it. Bradley, will you take her to the pound for me?"

"Sure I will."

"Scratch that. This is something I should do for myself."

"Alright. Here's the way to handle it. When you take one in, see it for the cow it is. When you take one out see it for the dog it is."

"Bradley, why are you talking so crazy?"

"The other way is to see the dog you take in to the pound as having reached the end of its suffering, while the dog you take out will discover an unexpected happiness living at your feet. That way you'll actually increase the level of dog happiness on earth, on balance. In Los Angeles anyhow."

"Alright, Bradley."

"Pretty good thinking, eh?"

"Thanks for your help, Brad."

"Sure. When you need help, it's always good policy to call a writer. Writers have an answer for everything."

Jenny said: "Bye, Brad. It's been a pleasure." She said the words with such an effusion of charm that they almost knocked me over.

I undressed, got in the tub and pulled the shower curtain across it. I'd had a good time talking with Jenny. It hadn't been exactly a real conversation. I stood under the shower and in my imagination I said: Jenny, that's the difference between how a humane liberal talks and the way your typical fascist neo-Nazi talks. There's just no comparison.

It made me laugh thinking about it.

When the telephone made its special ring again it was Marriisa.

"Oh," she said, "I've been trying to get you for days. Where have you been? I call and call and you're never there."

"When I type I pull the plug on the telephone, and the rest of the time I'm working."

"But why haven't you called me? Do you know I'm leaving for school in a few days? I've been home all summer and you've hardly seen me."

"I thought you still had a couple weeks."

"Bradley, I'm leaving Wednesday night. I'm going to New York for a week, then I start school."

"I didn't think about you for a couple weeks, then just yesterday I made a note to call you."

"You didn't think about me for two weeks? You asshole." Her voice turned away from the telephone. "Mommy," I heard her say, "Bradley says he didn't think about me for two whole weeks."

I heard Jenny's voice say: "Marriisa, I don't want you to talk to Bradley that way."

"Mommy says I shouldn't call you asshole."

"Marriisa," I heard Jenny say, "you're not being funny."

"I've only got until Tuesday," Marriisa said. "Then you won't be able to see me for months, maybe a whole year."

"I thought you had until Wednesday."

"I'm leaving Wednesday. Don't you understand? You have to see me before then."

"Alright, kid. Name the hour."

"Tuesday morning. We can drive to the beach. I know a neat place to have breakfast. It's really nice at the beach in the mornings. You'll like it."

"Okay. Sold."

"You won't forget me, will you Asshole?"

"Now, Marriisa," I heard Jenny say, "I mean it."

"I won't forget you."

"Call me before Tuesday."

"I'll call you."

"Don't forget."

"I won't."

"Pssst?"

"Yes?"

She was whispering and giggling. "Goodbye, Asshole."

"Now you just stop that," I heard Jenny say.

When I hung up the receiver there were tears in my eyes.

Monday afternoon I was in from the Canyon early when Marriessa called. She said: "Mommy wants us to take Princess to the pound."

"Us?"

"It's your responsibility. You're the one who brought her home in the first place."

"That was eight or nine years ago. Don't you ever forgive anyone anything?"

"Come on, Brad. I don't want to do it by myself. Please?"

I showered, walked to Mother's, got the pickup, drove over to Jenny's for Marriessa and Princess then headed across the Cahuenga pass toward the Valley.

Marriessa said: "I'm not sure if what we're doing is moral."

"We're only going to kill an animal. What could be more commonplace?"

"But I don't know if it's really right or not."

"I didn't know you were having those kind of problems. Are you starting to think about things? Is that what those private schools do to girls?"

Marriessa said: "I've thought about things all my life."

"Yeah, I guess you have. When I was your age I didn't think about anything. One experiment you can make right now is in your imagination visualize all the animals that are being slaughtered in this city at this moment. So we can eat them. Thousands of cows, hogs, sheep, lambs, chickens, turkeys, ducks, quail. Animals we won't even be able to imagine on short notice. That's all Princess is, another little animal with scabby skin. Get rid of her."

"Those other animals, it doesn't feel the same as killing a dog."

"You've just put your finger on one primary philosophical methodology. Identify your feeling accurately, reflect on it, prepare to suffer a little anguish, and you won't go astray in your thinking. You may go astray in your ethics class but you won't go very far astray in your real life. Killing animals is similar to aborting fetuses. It's disgusting but it doesn't seem to matter much morally."

"I'd have an abortion if it was necessary."

"My little girl."

"I would."

"Well, it's the Christians who are transfixed by the horror of abortion. They think they've read someplace that God doesn't like it. If I were God there'd be a lot of things down here I wouldn't like. That's the difference between God and people. People are sensitive and caring. God just goes along doing what He wants, no matter how much disaster He trails out behind him. I've never understood why people have such respect for God. They talk about God's love, but what they really respect is His power. What's power without sensibility? God's like a big animal. He does anything He wants because there's nobody to stop Him. It's Christians who talk up morality all the time. God takes things as they come."

"Mommy says you're the most moral person she knows."

"Your mother has always been on my side."

I felt a little uncomfortable and fell silent. Marrisssa was silent too, stroking Princess absentmindedly while the dog gazed up at her adoringly. I took the Sherman Way exit and headed west toward the pound.

"Bradley, are you going to do another issue of your paper?"

"I think so."

"Why do you want to publish things that make people feel bad?"

"Did you feel bad about something in the paper?"

"I don't think of myself being Jewish. I just don't have those feelings at all. I feel like everybody else. Like an American."

"Did Jenny feel bad about something I wrote?"

"I think she struggled with it. Mommy definately feels Jewish."

"I feel an obligation to publish it. There's a lot of lying going on about the gas chamber stories. Straight-out lying. I stumbled onto it. A lot of stuff is being covered up that shouldn't be covered up. People are being accused of crimes they didn't commit. I don't like it. I'm going to write about it and I'm going to go on publishing what I write. I don't know how far the lying goes but I think it goes right to the top. I don't know how important any of it is but I'm going to go straight ahead with it. I'm doing the right thing, within the context of my life."

"If you're not sure it's important, why would you go on writing things that hurt people's feelings?"

"Marrisssa, do you mean why would I write things that might hurt Jewish feelings?"

"That's what you do, isn't it?"

"What if your mother was German rather than Jewish, and you were told all your life that she had done horrible things when she was young, then you discovered that some of the things you had been told were false but people went on saying them anyhow?"

Marrisssa didn't say anything.

"What if you were told all your life that your German father had been a monster when he was young? What if it had been pounded into you year after year after year and then one day you found out that one, just one of the monstrous acts you had been taught to believe he had committed, he hadn't committed? You found out by accident, because you had always been a true believer in your father's monstrosity and guilt, but you found out? Do you think you'd let it slide?"

"I've never thought about how Germans feel."

"Think about it now. Put yourself in the place of a German girl. How would you feel?"

"I still think I wouldn't write something that made others feel bad."

"That's not fair, Marrisssa. After all the war hate against the Germans you still see in the movies, on the television, that you read in the papers and in books and magazines. Has there ever been anything to compare with it? Have you ever heard of any society in history so obsessed with making a whole people feel bad?"

"I've never thought about Germans one way or the other."

"I can understand that. One of the things a writer does is look at the others in the same light that he uses to see himself. That's one of the things that separates writers from a lot of the rest of the people. It's natural for a Jewish kid to grow up trusting Jews and being suspicious of Germans. When you get older the time comes to start seeing through the implications of all that. If you want to."

"I don't think I like what you're doing," Marrisssa said. "I can't prove it's wrong, but I don't think I like it."

"Uh huh."

"Everybody says you're wrong about the Holocaust. Everybody."

"Not the Holocaust, Marrisssa. The gas chambers. I am absolutely not wrong about the gas chambers because I am only asking questions about them. I'm asking, is this piece of information about the gas chambers accurate? This particular gas chamber story, does it make sense? Is there any real evidence to support it, or am I supposed to take somebody's word for it? I'm told it's bad taste to ask questions about the gas chambers. I don't think so. Not bad taste, not good taste. Not moral, not immoral. I ask questions about the gas chambers to find out what's going on there. I'm not sneaking around about it either. You should look into your reasons for not liking it that I'm asking these particular questions when you've never thought that it was wrong to ask any of the other questions that I've gone around asking. Then you should look into the reasons your professors don't like it either. If you do you'll get a whiff of what obsessive conformity and snivelling evasion is all about. You'll see professorial bowing and scraping before received opinion that'll turn your stomach. You'll discover..."

"Why are you getting mad?"

"That's not mad. That's intensity."

"I just don't know what to think," Marrisssa said. "I don't have the information to say you're wrong, or right either."

"I understand that."

"I have this gut feeling though."

"Well, what do you think, Kid? Right or wrong?"

"Wrong, Asshole." She put one hand to her mouth and laughed until tears came from her eyes.

When I turned into the parking lot at the pound Marrisssa said she didn't want to go right in. We walked along Sherman Way leading Princess with a piece of clothessline.

I said: "Your mother taught me something about dogs I've never forgotten. Now I'm going to pass it on to you, her only daughter."

"Thanks, Brad."

"One day in the kitchen Princess was pleading with Jenny to pet her, to show her a little attention, so Jenny went along with it. Petting dogs wasn't her long suit. But she petted Princess and looked into her eyes for a long moment. Then she said: 'When you look into a dog's eyes it's always the same. You just know there's nothing there.'"

"That's what she taught you about dogs?"

"That's it."

"It doesn't make me feel any better."

"That's not the point to understanding, to make you feel better. The purpose of understanding is understanding."

"Let's talk about something else," Marrisssa said.

"Will you go shopping with me after the pound?"

"After we have your dog killed? Sure. We'll kill the dog first, then we'll look around for something to buy."

"Thanks, Brad."

"Sure."

We walked along silently for awhile. The afternoon traffic was heavy and the air was full of its exhaust. Princess took an interest in everything in her quick neurotic way.

"You want to hear a dream I had?", I said. "Alright? You'll love this one. I dreamed a decision had been made that I was to be burned at the stake. I think Mother was in on it. I accepted the decision as a matter of course. It wasn't something that was presented to me for my opinion. It was a decision. The post was already in the ground, the wood was piled up around it, and there was some way to light the fire. I climbed up on the wood and stood with my face to the post. There wasn't anyone there to tie me up or see to it that I didn't run away. It was the honor system. At first I did pretty well. The fire came up over my shoulders. It seared the left side of my face until the skin glistened, but when the smoke got too thick I turned my head to the side to get a little fresh air. I'd get a little air to the left, then I'd turn and get a little to the right. It was as if I were willing to be cooperative, to carry out the decision that had been made for me, but that I didn't have enough character to see it through. I didn't have quite enough of the right stuff. Then the wood was all used up. The flames died out, the smoke drifted off, and there I was. I'd failed to finish what I'd started. But I still felt the obligation to carry it through, and that's when I woke up. I was awake but I could still see myself there in the dream. I was out under some trees gathering firewood."

"Oh, my God," Marrisssa said. Then she said: "It sounds just like you."

"At first I saw the dream as a comic event. Now I see the pride and the self-indulgence in it."

"I wish I had dreams like that."

"What for?"

"I'm bored," she said.

In the pound there was a line of people waiting to destroy their animals or to get an animal. It was the same line. It was like something God would have thought up. When it was our turn I said we had an unwanted dog. That's the word they use. A teenage girl was clerking behind the window.

"Shall we destroy her immediately?"

"Sure," I said. Just then Princess stood up and put her front paws on my thigh and licked my fingers. I felt the heart tug. Marrisssa laughed nervously.

A young couple was standing in line behind us. They

didn't have an animal with them so I supposed they wanted one. When the young man saw Princess licking my fingers he asked Marrissa: "What are you going to do with your dog?" It seemed to me that there was an edge to his voice.

"We're destroying her," Marrissa said.

"Why are you doing that?", the young man said tensely.

Marrissa started making excuses and twisting from one foot to the other. The clerk handed me the destruction slip and told me to follow the yellow line through a glass door out to a courtyard. Marrissa pushed against my back to hurry me along.

"Did you hear what that guy asked me?" she said. "Why did he think I was doing it to my dog?"

She imitated his tense masculine voice. "Why are you doing that to your dog, lady?"

Then she answered in her own schoolgirl voice. "Oh, I really don't know. I just thought it'd be kinda kinky."

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ISBN: 0-822915-05-8, 400 pp., \$12.95

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AMERICA IS NOT FREE!

As we sit and watch with amazement the collapse of the brutal, corrupt, totalitarian systems of Eastern Europe, our own system is becoming more brutal, more corrupt, more totalitarian every day.

America, hailed by the rest of the world as a bastion of freedom, liberty and opportunity, is a nation plagued by poverty, homelessness, despair and violence. Unchecked police forces act with impunity as they occupy our neighborhoods like a foreign army, killing and maiming our children, imposing curfews, protecting rich Real Estate developers as they demolish our homes and facilitating the drug trade which they then use as an excuse for their expanded powers.

Any expression of autonomous culture or independent creative activity is attacked and criminalized by the powers that be. Subway graffiti, recognized throughout the world as a legitimate folk art form has been banned in New York and made into a felonious crime. Street musicians are harassed daily and are subject to arrest and confiscation of their instruments (their only source of livelihood). Subway musicians recently won a temporary ruling protecting them from the same harassment. We'll see how long it lasts. Street peddling, an ancient and universal occupation in urban centers throughout the world, is illegal! (So much for "free market"). Taxi drivers are subject to a dress code. They are trying to licence and regulate bicycle messengers.

In addition, our prime sources of information and education, the media and the press, are under the absolute control of the richest corporations in the world, the same corporations who choose our political leaders through campaign contributions and media publicity, and who send us to war in defense of their overseas investments. The federal government exercises totalitarian control over the airwaves by means of the FCC. If you don't believe it, try starting your own radio station. Constitutional guarantees of a free press do not apply to the airwaves.

It is time for the American people to learn from the experience of Eastern Europe. Freedom is not given. It does not come by decree. It must be continually struggled and fought for. Once freedoms are attained they must be relentlessly exercised. The minute we let down our guard, the forces of backwardness and tyranny will step in and take back every freedom we have fought for throughout history. Tom Jefferson would know what I'm talking about.

The freest people in the world today are the struggling people of Eastern Europe. They are free because they are struggling, for freedom is not a neutral state of affairs which once attained, can be put on a back shelf and simply enjoyed. Like life itself, freedom is a living, breathing entity which must be constantly nourished and renourished or else it dies. We have already relaxed for far too long!

The people of Eastern Europe, perhaps inspired by America and the American Revolution, have taken their struggle to the streets and they are winning. It is now our turn to learn from them.



RAY NELSON



333 Ramona Avenue • El Cerrito, California 94530

MIGHT MAKES BLIGHT

"Right or wrong, what constitutes 'civil liberty' is what the government says it is."

Jarod O'Danu

As the self-appointed Apostle of Endarkenment, I must applaud Jarod O'Danu's article, "Might Makes Rights" in "Dharma Combat 10" insofar as it denies that our rights, such as they are, are granted to us by God, Allah or Damballah Wedo. As he rightly points out, at least one source of the rights we exercise is "political clout", particularly if this is taken to include military clout. Still, I finished reading this essay for the third time with a vague feeling of dissatisfaction that has taken me some time to clarify in my own mind.

I suppose this dissatisfaction was triggered by the opening line of O'Danu's piece, a quote from the United States' Declaration of Independence which states, "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal."

Weren't some of the signatories of this admirable document slave owners? Didn't some of the states committed to this principle later fight a major war to defend the institution of slavery? Hasn't the struggle against inequality continued to this very day? Has anything like equality been established in our country after all this time? The answers to these questions are, as the founding fathers might have put it, "self evident". In 1776 some people slept in mansions, others in shacks. Today some people sleep in mansions, and the others have often lost even their shacks. Political clout has done what it could. Military clout has done what it could. Neither has succeeded in turning the self-evident truth of equality into a reality.

God has not granted us rights, but neither has politics or war. Instead, the exercise of clout has cost us billions of lives and more money than anyone would want to count, yet our goal still eludes us. Hasn't anyone, after all this time, stopped to question whether there might be something faulty about our methods? Is this really the best way to attain our "unalienable rights" to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness"?

I think not.

So let us talk about rights. Just what do I have the right to do?

First, I have the right to do anything I have the political or military power to do. This is the arena of struggle on which most people focus their attention. It reflects a basically adversarial approach to life, an us-vs.-them mentality. Not only war is viewed as a gladiatorial spectacle, but also politics, law, games and even popular fiction.

Good guys and bad guys, winners and losers, on and on and on.

But no matter how vigorously you clout people they only retreat temporarily. No matter how gloriously you win out over people, they only pay lip service to your rule and patiently await your first sign of weakness. Even the most ironclad totalitarian ruler someday grows weary. The iron grip relaxes ever-so-little, and suddenly MacDonald's opens a branch in Red Square and the Berlin Wall comes tumbling down and Communists proclaim the dawn of a Market Economy, unaware that some capitalists sleep in cardboard boxes in the alley. Even while "on top", the winners are not free to enjoy "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness". On the contrary, in order to maintain their position at

the top of the heap, they have to work harder than a slave and regulate their own behavior in order to maintain at least the appearance of conformity with the standards of their constituencies, political, economic or even artistic. Sometimes they kill themselves quickly and openly. Sometimes they kill themselves slowly and unobtrusively. Sometimes they just make one little mistake. However it works out, there is nothing to envy about their lives.

I have just descended from the mountain top with a tablet of stone, and on it is graven no commandments at all, but only these few simple words, "If you push people, they push back." If I decline Mr. O'Danu's kind invitation to exercise clout, it is not through any desire to cause offense, but simply because I have read these words and thoroughly absorbed them, and thus seek my rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness by other means.

Even without political clout, I have the right to do anything I can keep secret. This is the second source of rights.

Even without political clout, I have the right to do anything I am willing to pay for with a certain amount of time out of my life. If I think it's worth it, I can even assassinate the winner of my choice.

Even without political clout, I have the right to do anything that nobody cares about enough to stop me. This is the fourth and greatest source of rights. Since I don't like voting, keeping secrets, or breaking laws, I find my rights outside the well-worn paths of the frenzied winners and losers. I can write what I please. If someone pays me for it, that's nice. If someone doesn't, I can write it for "Dharma Combat". If "Dharma Combat" rejects it, I can write it in a letter to one of my many pen pals. If they don't like it, I can write it in my diary or just think it and smile enigmatically. The same can be said for my drawings, my songs. Because my friends enjoy these same rights, I need not live in the big world any more than required to rent out my ecological niche in the social environment. My real life is in the small world, the world of the arts, the world of the imagination, the world of alternate realities that satisfy those needs reality has never satisfied, and which it never will. The Microcosm!

I used to be so angry all the time at other people for not thinking and acting like me. The desire to reform the world ruined the first half of my life. Now I don't care what they do or think, or what they think of what I do or think. The world is over there. I am here, with a few carefully selected friends. The day I stopped asserting my rights a miracle happened. My rights fell on my head like rain, or perhaps they had been falling all the time but I was too busy fighting for them to notice, and my happiness? All the time I was pursuing it, it was patiently waiting for me here at my typewriter.

THE END

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In the flow

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THERE'S NOTHING NEW about a New Age of mysticism, masochism and money. "We ought not to act and speak as though we were asleep" (Heraclitus). The astrologers have only predicted the future; the point is to create it. Paradise is possible. Don't burn out, don't sell out, break out. Why wallow in escapism when we can really escape?



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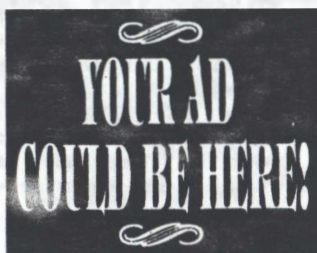
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WAR IN HEAVEN by Kyle Griffith, 1988, S/R Press, P.O. Box 60327, Palo Alto, CA 94306-0327, \$15.00 ppd. Reviewed by Greg Krupey.

Traditionally, the occult has been the preserve of the politically reactionary. It takes only a cursory reading of Madame Blavatsky or W.B. Yeats (not to mention Elizabeth Clear Profit or many ufologists) to realize that. Aleister Crowley was far from a flaming liberal, and sensationalistic claims regarding Lost Spears, Grails, and Arks aside, the connections of various occult societies and philosophies with the Nazi hierarchy are well documented. While the Left (broadly defined) might produce the odd devotee of the paranormal like Upton Sinclair, the Left has traditionally been viewed, if only by itself, as the child of the Age or Reason. The occult is just another religion, another opium for the masses: for the ones who think they are above the rest of the herd. After all, those waiting for the Seven Ascended Masters of Shamballa, or maybe, say... Xist flying saucers... to save them are as unlikely to pose any serious threat to the status quo as those patiently waiting for Jesus to return on a cloud of glory. To accomplish anything substantial on this material plane requires getting your hands dirty, something occultists by the very nature of their pursuit are trying to transcend, that is escape.

But that all changed in the 1960's with the merger, the forced marriage perhaps, of the New Left with the hippy counterculture. The Left's traditional scientific materialism was exchanged for a hodge-podge of esoterica and superstition that still dwells among us, all yuppied up, as the New Age, a term as old as the hills of Atlantis. Did the infusion of occult ideas help humanize the New Left, or help defeat it? Those who contend that LSD and its attendant world-view was introduced by the CIA to immobilize the anti-establishment movements would seem in hindsight, to have been vindicated.

With this saturation of the Left with irrationalisms, it was only a matter of time before someone like Kyle Griffith would come along and claim, or reclaim, the occult for the Left, or more specifically, that segment which calls itself anti-authoritarian.

Kyle has impeccable credentials for revealing the answers to ever question concerning... well, everything. Describing himself as a "left-wing anarchist and member of the counterculture since the late Fifties" and admitting to having been "raised as a traditional occultist", Kyle also claims to be a Space Bro (or was, in a previous incarnation) sent here by an "advanced extra-terrestrial civilization" to help us benighted Earthlings out of the sorry mess that we have made for ourselves. Well, not exactly. We've had help it seems.

In 1983, Kyle began receiving channeled messages from his "spirit guides." Basically they confirmed what he had always suspected: that humanity was being manipulated by two warring factions of spirits, the Theocrats (the Bad Guys) and the Invisible College (the Good Guys). The former invented religion, war, government, and every form of manipulation, coercion, and mind control. They are psychic vampires feeding off the accumulated mass worship of the

living and the souls of the dead. As can be expected from such a description, they are the faction that most of humanity has been erroneously worshipping as benevolent.

Opposing them are the Good Guys, the Invisible College, who provided everything innovative: reason (wouldn't Voltaire and Ingersoll be surprised!), science, anti-authoritarian and democratic political movements, the whole nine yards. They founded the Rosicrucian and Masonic Lodges, engineered the Renaissance, the Reformation, and what was either their most brilliant coup or their most egregious error: the Industrial Revolution. This means that the IC was responsible for both capitalism and communism, and thus the spilt blood of workers from Homestead to Kronstadt. Of course, that sort of thing can always be blamed on Theocratic infiltration.

And indeed, in these Last Days (for Griffith's Spiritual Revolutionaries as for fundamentalist Christians), nothing is as clear cut as it once was. The Theocrats, no fools, have recently all but abandoned mass religions in all but the most fanatical forms because it no longer has as rigid a grip on the mass mind. Instead they have infiltrated the real religions of our times, the mass spectacles of popular culture: sports, gambling (readers of the Nevada-based DHARMA COMBAT might find it intriguing to learn that Casinoland is a major battleground between the two factions), and of course, rock music. At first a weapon in the IC's arsenal, rock has now been invaded by so many budding Theocrats (no doubt around the time of the rise of arena rock) intent on enslaving the minds and souls of their deluded fans and thereby becoming gods that you must exercise extreme caution in what you listen to. Just like Tipper gore said. Yes, the Pat Robertsons and Wilson Bryan Keys of this world are right: rock music is embedded with subliminal demonic messages! (And all this time you thought those rumors about Jimmy Page being a black magician were just so much bongwater!) The irony is that both the Svaggarts and the Slayers are serving the same masters.

And what motivates the Theocrats to be so darn evil, to go to such lengths? The desire that is at the root of all theo-mystical principles: the craving for immortality, the desire to be a God. A lone Theocrat cannot achieve this, but a group of them can, fused together on the astral plane as a Theocratic band, a sort of hive entity on its way to becoming a sum greater than its parts. Thus the more dead souls sucked into a Theocratic band, the better the likelihood of a Theocratic band swelling to the proportions of Godhood. The dead souls serve as fodder, and being conscious, must be bamboozled into becoming part of such a parasitic arrangement. This is where religion comes in, as the earthly preparation for the sham heaven that the Theocrats have waiting for the deluded dead. Everyone will get the heaven (or hell) that they expect, if not deserve. Fundamentalists will find themselves in a Heaven that is only a glorified version of their mundane churches, even finding it necessary to confess to sins and impure thoughts in Jehovah's own kingdom, (no doubt to their masochistic joy) just as those who yearn for a Rock & Roll Heaven where they can bliss out and jam into eternity with Elvis, Jim, Jimi, and John will find that. One man's heaven, another man's hell... and everything in between.

The only way to escape this pathetic fate is to become a Spiritual Revolutionary. And the only way to achieve that state of grace is to buy this book and... well, you can guess the rest.

Griffith contends that his Spiritual Revolution, being modern, is more "scientific" than previous occultisms, but shows us little to prove it. His discussion on why astral matter, which is similar to yet of a extremely smaller mass than physical matter, as well as having atoms which repel each other rather than attract each other, cannot be apprehended by the instruments of physics laboratories is typical of his "scientific" claims. There is no proof, only belief. And if you don't believe it, or so Griffith contends, then you are still under the thrall of the Theocrats, even if you are in agreement with the basic political-cultural thrust of his Spiritual Revolution. There is no room for debate because Griffith is not merely speculating here, he is transmitting messages channeled to him by members of the Invisible College. So it must be true.

Mixing mysticism with extremist politics has historically produced some sort of fascism, whether it be of the left or the right. I find the seeds of that even here in a book that tries so hard to eliminate it (see, for instance, Griffith's rather dubious and ominous claims about Third World overpopulation and its usage to Theocrats. I might be reading something into it that he does not mean, but it would seem that he is advocating mass starvation in the "undeveloped" countries. See pp. 130-131). I personally can't see WAR IN HEAVEN as anything but a clever rearrangement of traditional occultism to fit the prejudices of the counter-cultural left. And a movement that has wasted so much of its recent past shadowboxing with the State does not need any more illusion to do battle with.

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● THE BENEDICTINE Order has expelled 15 of its members in San Francisco because they are dying of AIDS, the West German daily *Bild Zeitung* reported on Jan. 7. The Order has offered to pay their health insurance premiums, however. European Benedictine leaders are reportedly "concerned" about this spread of AIDS within the Order.

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FROM AUTONOMYSTICS II

I wish to correct a mistake. That mistake was my use of the term "mysticism" in the first Autonomystics essay. I did not clarify what I meant by it all (somewhat on purpose, I might add) and so generated some confusion on the matter (which I can't resist now and then!). I stated that in our current state of affairs mysticism can assume a revolutionary character because it can have the possibility of counteracting the diminuation of consciousness brought on by civilization in real and practical ways. I am not so sure as to whether "mysticism" proper can do this, insofar as it consists of belief systems of varying rigidity which serve only to define and categorize what we experience. My true interest lies in the counteracting mentioned above, and that means liberation from all that binds us. And, as I said, I want to keep this practical, since theory (usually full of holes) disconnected from action abounds.

I wish to propose a different terminology. I have decided to use "non-ordinary reality" instead of what I have been misleadingly calling "mysticism". "Non-ordinary reality" suggests that such experiences are as real as any others, and points to the normative, restraining effects of what can be called 'consensus' reality. This, to me, is the "real world" we have both been forced to believe in and have partially made ourselves. Only the ordinary is defined and acceptable these days, as science bends over backwards to prove anything outside the limited realms of its perception as false, a hoax, or some wrong functioning of the brain.

There are a couple of other points I need to correct as well. The first was my statement about making non-ordinary experiences understandable to our normal states of mind. In retrospect this was quite a boo-boo, because this would only serve to make non-ordinary experiences commodifiable by the incessant drive of capital. I think that non-ordinary experiences are able to transform normal states, ultimately eroding the bases of them by showing them to be mostly culturally-induced illusions. The other point that needs correcting is the statement that we need a methodology in order to combat our conditioning and the illusions it creates. Here I make the mistake of using part of the problem as part of the solution. I feel we need efforts and we need some means by which to do this, but not a pre-defined system of rules and how-to's. Each individual can discover/create her own methods and ways, borrowing from and using (how about plagiarising?) anything that strikes her fancy. This does not preclude any serious study or diligence in efforts; that they are self-directed is the key here.

How such practices connect to anarchism is of great importance to me, because this connection is one of liberation. I desire to locate the anarchistic, anti-authoritarian, and subversive elements of these practices which I labeled "mystical", because doing so can free the individual from the techno-capitalist-christian power structure a bit, and give her the ability to live more freely. When such practices are connected to a desire for liberation from domination, then they help to remove the individual from the whole stinking system, not place her more securely within its confines. So to me it is inherently political.

Some of these elements that I have found so far are processes that increase an individual's awareness and realization of herself as an alive, active being. This can involve a certain amount of empowerment or 'solidity' as an individual being, as well as a sense of being inextricably connected to a vast range of other beings (a simultaneous move away from solidity?). The implications of these realizations on the behaviour of the individual can be intensely subversive to the current order of domination. Seeking such realizations in an intense and profound and personal way is increasingly becoming the focus of all that I do.

And so, when I look at "mysticism", or think about ways in which to begin toying with different ideas and practices, I look for aspects that pay no dues to gods or other abstract forces such as "the tao" or "the way". I also have no interest in self-worship; the "I am my own god" or "we are all gods" attitudes still leave the master/slave relationship that underlies religion intact. Remember, self-empowerment and greater sensitivity to one's environment are not mutually exclusive.

There are two areas of activity that I am currently exploring. The first is meditation. I find that meditation, with rhythmic breathing, enables me to break through the noise in my head at certain moments, and get a sense of myself, my body. Thus far it makes me feel that my body and my mind are different parts of the same thing. It also increases my sensitivity to my surroundings, enabling me to pick up on finer and more subtle variations of sensation. And it enables me to better listen to my own body, whose faint signals are usually drowned out by the kultural feedback effect (in which we tapelooop our fears and add to our confusion).

The second area is movement. To me, study of and experimentation with movement is very important, because it is largely a learned phenomenon, and the oppressive mechanisms of our kulture are recorded in our bodies. Un-learning and re-learning movement can loosen the grip of this repressive programming on our consciousness. In a sense it breaks up our character armor (if I am using that term correctly): but the armor is resilient, so this must be done in a variety of ways (and I feel persistence is necessary) in order for deep change to occur. Dance, martial arts, and other spontaneous movements can help to bring about such changes.

Another issue that I want to deal with is "spirituality". The entire notion of "spirit" as separate and distinct from "flesh" or body is a dichotomy which I feel has been imposed on human experience and made 'concrete' by many religions and philosophies. Those groups throughout his-story who differed from this line met with suppression and persecution. If the spirit/flesh dichotomy is removed, however, one has a continuum of reality experience which extends from the deeply personal to the widely external.

I have been thinking a good bit about why I am writing these essays and articles, taking up these discussions, and so forth. I do not wish to spell out or name that which cannot or should not be spelled out or named. What I am seeking is a change of worldview, an un-learning of a lot of what I know. I wish to create a situation which is more conducive to non-ordinary experience (which means removing the blockages). This, to me, means a basic change in one's life which is directly connected to unplugging oneself from the self-perpetuating system of domination of patriarchy, capitalism, techno-fetishism, the judeo-christian morass, and mass media. Experiencing non-ordinary reality and becoming freer go hand-in-hand - each enhances the other. Those drunk on the wine of being are not useful to those in power and may well be dangerous to them. One idea I am looking at is an "articulated schizophrenia". This implies a kind of conscious insanity, a deep and wondrous break with 'consensus reality' in which possibilities are opened up and normal lines of distinction blur, merge, separate, and dance with one another. Certainly "this" reality could be part of this. At this point I think it best to stop talking about my ideas and to start asking some questions (otherwise I'd go on for pages....). What does this mean or imply to you? How (if you can) do you conceive of or experience such a condition? Do you see examples of it in your daily life, cracks in the humdrum same-old which invite some prying into? Ways to slip in a bit of a non-ordinary element into a seemingly ordinary event? ?

I will leave this at questions (and hopefully discussion), since my thinking and acting in this area has raised only more questions with everything I apparently "figure out". Hopefully this reflects a push toward openness, as each endeavor shows the falseness of the structures that apparently support it. Toward liberation.....

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ANNIE SPRINKLE

/Center on Contemporary Art, Seattle, August 1990. Reviewed by Robert K. Gluckson.

Imagine that you were asked to develop an autobiographical performance to describe what you'd learned from life -- after a career as a porn star and a new identity as a spiritual sex prophet. That will give you an idea of what Annie Sprinkle's "Post-Porn Modernist" performance at COCA on August 25th was all about.

As a "sex researcher" with 18 years of professional experience, Annie Sprinkle has the credentials to illuminate the world of the sex worker. She described her career, using slides, mime, and a re-created boudoir, and illustrated her pornstar credentials with some professional posing. Her illustrations included a display of sex toys, including artificial vaginas, plastic penises, favorite working clothes, and six-inch high heels.

The lecture/demonstration served as a backdrop to her performance: several short pieces culminating with a ritualistic meditation/masturbation.

The performance pieces also traced her life experiences, from burlesque queen to high priestess for meditative sex. Her sex performances were tongue-in-cheek (her bosom valtz), educational (Public Cervix Announcement, where members of the audience viewed her cervix through a speculum), and sometimes reminiscent of pagan rituals. Her public display of anatomy and bodily functions -- including an on-stage douche -- served to extend the bounds of allowable public behavior in a way that could not have been funded by the NEA.

The audience was led through Annie Sprinkle's next "evolutionary stage," involving breathing, energy, and new attitudes toward sexuality. She now "meditates while she masturbates," inviting the audience to breathe deeply while chanting and concentrating on the flow of sexual energy. She demonstrated and described her new sexual awareness during a ritual involving incense, candles, orgasmic sounds, and sexual self-stimulation. We witnessed her devotion to the forces of earth and air, fire and water, as she lit candles in the memory of departed friends, focused energy for kindred spirits, and transformed the smoky COCA hall into a pagan temple.

How was this performance different from the peek shows available 24 hours a day in "traditional" sex emporiums in every major city?

For one thing, although her *joi de vivre* did tend to put a candy coating on everything, Annie Sprinkle made us think about what it is really like to be a professional sex worker -- behind the fantasy usually displayed in the profession. She mimed degrading scenes in the life of a sex worker, including confrontations with disease and misogyny. She showed pictures of porn stars out of costume and makeup: surprise, they look like everybody else, not like fantasy sex goddesses. "This could be you," she said. "There's a

little sex star in some of you, but a lot of you in every porn star."

The show was not particularly titillating, at least for me. The very lack of stimulation pointed out how silly it is to attempt to restrict other people's consensual behavior. Why shouldn't someone stick their hand (or whatever) up another person's body orifices, if that's what they both want?

By bringing anatomically explicit activities into an arts/performance atmosphere, Annie Sprinkle demonstrates the mind/body split so prevalent in Western society. Her willingness (and delight) in exposing herself also serves to expose viewers to their own internal reactions. Audience members leave thinking about their own attitudes, sensibilities, lusts, and inhibitions. How have we internalized the dictates of mainstream culture? What would we really be like if we hadn't been told how we were supposed to act and feel?

Annie Sprinkle is a sex researcher who experiments on herself, and uses performances to communicate what she has learned. Viewers may choose to use her experiences to learn about themselves. Sounds like "Art" to me.

-- Robert K. Gluckson

((Robert is currently researching "Tijuana Bibles", the pornographic mini-comic books (which often involved comic strip characters and movie stars) in circulation 30-and-more-years back. He asks that, if you have any information or knowledge of them, you contact him: 1523 NW 64th St., Seattle WA 98107.))



BOLTING FROM UTOPIA

BY JOSEPH KERRICK

Whatever forces or intelligences are the hidden power behind world events, they have succeeded in creating a species of people capable of living at peace with one another. It may seem frivolous to quibble about how this was done, as if we were petulantly throwing stones inside the perfect glass walls of the New World Order. And how ghastly to actually cast doubt on the desirability and virtue of the accomplishment itself! Nevertheless, the fact is that the new (and presumably still human) creatures who inhabit the nouvelle regime have attained tranquility and universal order not by mastering the primal forces within themselves, but by eliminating them. Of these two possible solutions to the human conundrum -- becoming gods or becoming zombies -- the forces that act and choose on behalf of the whole planet have opted for the latter. It is admittedly a hopeful sign that there is still someone left who is human enough to deplore this choice and attempt to call attention to it; but it is distressing how few of us there are, and how daunting the prospect for realistic action to reverse an apparent landslide of history.

And yet we are convinced that there is something that can be done -- that there is in fact a solution astounding in its simplicity, albeit drastic in appearance to those who have fallen into the lock-step of the zombies and had their brains iced by mind control. You can judge how far gone you personally are by your relation to the statement that the first step toward understanding the solution is to unplug yourself from the electronic media -- at least long enough to get some perspective, which could be anywhere from a couple of weeks to a couple of years. Don't watch TV, don't listen to the radio or stereo, don't go to the movies, don't use computers -- at all, any of it. If you have not been totally zombified, then at some point in your media fast you may experience a rebirth of primality -- a bare inkling of a mind that thinks for itself, an eye that sees what's what, and a heart that fairly breaks from the knowledge of the loss we've suffered. At this point, you will be ready to comprehend the next step of the solution.

There are a number of plans extant for the improvement of the human species. The one that has been in effect on a broad scale for the past two hundred years is an implementation of the theory that if the basic physical needs of the mass of humanity were satisfied, the people would rise to new heights of moral and spiritual development. What's happened instead is the moral and spiritual debacle we see around us, disproving the validity of this theory completely and forever. Whatever it takes to inspire human beings to transcend themselves, it is evidently something other than:

A job, a house, a car,
A microwave oven and a VCR.

Some of the people who have all these things are followers of a trend purportedly toward the spiritual betterment of humanity, or at least of themselves. Some of them are practitioners of methodologies and disciplines handed down from the heterodox body of global spiritual tradition. We can attest the potency of some of these pathways, and are even led to speculate that a favored individual here and there may evolve to stellar proportions. But the larger swath of New Age noeticists can never evolve into anything remotely capable of salvaging the future of the species. To understand why, we must delve into areas that are not only little known in the post-modern utopia, but actively forbidden.

Civilization rests intrinsically on a division of the people into a hierarchical structure, with mind control of various stripes needed to keep the lower orders in place. The personal human qualities also tend to get divided up. Historically, it's possible to conceive of a

whole human being only in a pre- or non- or un-civilized context, because the basic primal human seems to immediately get fragmented in any social system further removed from nature than the paleolithic clan. The earliest civilizations explained their caste divisions in terms of a five-fold model:

At the bottom of the social pyramid were the laborers, who specialized in the physical aspect of human nature, embodying the earth element. Next were what we would today call the middle class: the farm owners and merchants, who were said to be centered in the emotional nature, involving the water element -- e.g., irrigation and seafaring. Then there were the formal priesthood and other intellectuals, symbolized by the element of air, calling upon the gods who lived in the heavens. The fourth caste was that of the warriors, manifesting the fiery element of man's being. In the best of times, the warriors and their ladies would constitute a true nobility, something approaching a culture of whole individuals: they would possess the physical, emotional, and mental fitness that had been fragmented amongst the lower castes, and would fire these elements, as it were, in a crucible -- uniting them in an all-comprehending faculty of intuition.

The fifth element is space, or spirit, and the individuals who attained this finest center were so few that they were often not recognized as the caste they were, and are. It was hardly ever hereditary; its members were individuals who "graduated" from the other castes, often that of the noble warriors, as in the case of Buddha. This caste consists of the true hidden elect, men and women who have risen to spiritual greatness.

Socially and evolutionarily speaking, the greatest disaster that has befallen the human race in the last five hundred years is the decline of the primal nobility. Technological weaponry removed the commanders of legions from the need to go physically into battle and personally draw the blood of the foe with the blade, the bow, or their bare hands. There was always a tendency for aristocrats to grow soft and complacent, but the miracles of modern science have rendered the genus obscene; never in the history of the planet has there been a coterie of oligarchs less worthy to rule.

The dark forces that use tech as a tool have furthermore foisted a decline in primality upon the population as a whole. Our brave new world order is brimming with technocrats and intellectuals, and even the proletarians are inoculated by electronic media with the cruder strains of decadent culture. Consequently, the only people around any more with a vestige of genetic physical force, or a high dose of primal energy, are to be found in the role of outcastes -- the lumpen bums who hang out on corners doing drugs and crime, and the higher-calibre variety whose condition is often diagnosed as a mental illness and "cured" with some chemical specifically designed to annihilate primality.

Thus we can see that efforts by the deprimized elite in this emasculated age to improve the small quantum of being that has been allotted to them by the technostucture is equivalent to piddling into a river. Slightly more significant results can arise if the aspirants strive not only to elevate but also to reprimize themselves. And ultimately, the only hope for humanity to survive at all is to improve the basic stock as part of the process.

The bottoming-out of the caste division in the great new age of robot democracy and zombi equality presents us with the necessity and the opportunity of starting it all over from scratch. With no surviving cultural enclaves of nobility, the most realistic way to reclaim the wholeness of the five elements is to revert to the manner of life that obtained before they were divided up amongst the five castes.

Envision a series of wilderness settlements where the most sophisticated fruits of civilization are cultivated in a natural, intentionally primitive milieu designed to reclaim and sustain the primal quality of the people, and to transmit it down through the generations. Even farming, with its arbitrary division of drudgery and artificially created needs, is forsaken by this elect. Each succeeding generation of children will be harder than the one before; and these highly primal boys and girls will be presented with the opportunity from the earliest practicable age to make use of the most effective psycho-spiritual tools developed over the course of 6000 years of civilization.

A new gene-pool of this nature, small but viable, may well be the last chance to preserve and improve the essence of humanity in a world overwhelmed by the technolithic anthill.



Ernie Bergdoll

Nazi video games

The Associated Press

LOS ANGELES — Underground computer-video games circulating among Austrian and German students test the ability to manage a Nazi death camp and to distinguish between Aryans and Jews, a Holocaust study center says.

Eight copies of the programs, designed for home computers, were obtained by the Simon Wiesenthal Center in Los Angeles. The center demonstrated two of the programs for The Associated Press on Monday.

Rabbi Abraham Cooper, the center's associate dean, said the programs are based on the Holocaust but often substitute Turks, many of whom work in Germany, for Jews.

In one program, *KZ Manager*, the player must sell gold fillings, lampshades and labor to earn enough money to buy gas and add gas chambers to kill Turks at the Treblinka death camp. "KZ" is an abbreviation of the German word for concentration camp.

The player must correctly answer questions about Turks or be taken by a Grim Reaper figure to the Buchenwald death camp.

"What you want to do now if you love playing computer games, you want to go right back in and you want to win," Cooper

said. "It's a very shrewd psychology in terms of the design of the game."

Reports of the games have circulated for several years, but they were not believed to be widespread until a recent surge of reports in the Austrian media, he said.

Newspapers reported that a poll of students in one Austrian city said that nearly 40 percent knew of the games and more than 20 percent had seen them, Cooper said.

The game *Aryan Test* says it is by Adolf Hitler Software Ltd. The game *Anti-Turk Test* says it was made in Buchenwald by Hitler & Hess.

Distribution has been by electronic mail, under-the-counter sales, word of mouth and in deceptive packaging on store shelves. Cooper said the packaging of the *KZ Manager* game resembles "some sort of money game."

Cooper believes the games are the work of neo-Nazi propagandists seeking youthful followers through a technology largely unfamiliar to their parents.

"Not shocking to anybody, the kids are way ahead of the adults, and this is one area where the Nazis, the fascists, have found a way in," he said.

FREEPLAY/ Len Bracken, \$10 from BACKBONE BOOKS 1990, 1100 N. Kenilworth St. #4, Arlington, VA 22205. Reviewed by Wayne Henderson.

Having only recently finished yet another re-reading of the **ILLUMINATUS!** trilogy (or, as we call it back home in NJ, the Holy Writ), I was "primed" for Len Bracken's **FREEPLAY**.

Cam, who passes for the lead character (in a novel FULL of lead characters), would (I think) find himself very much at home among Hagbard Celine's crew; by the same token, almost any of the characters of one book could find an adequate niche in the other. This isn't to say that **FREEPLAY** is some sort of carbon-copy of the Holy Writ; it most certainly isn't. Bracken's work stands in relation to **ILLUMINATUS!** in much the same way as the Gnostic Gospels relate to the Canonical Scriptures: while obviously drawing deeply from one & the same well, the interpretation of (or should I say, the flavor of) each is geared very differently. While both build their stories layer upon layer, **FREEPLAY** uses extensively what my friend Mike Gunderloy termed a rapidfire intercut technique, whereas the Holy Writ spun out lengthy tapestries & sub-patterns within said tapestries. This, I think, points up my only real complaint about **FREEPLAY**: Len, the damned thing's too SHORT!!! Gladly do I surrender the Dillinger Quints; Len's storyline hardly needs them; less gladly, but still most willingly, do I surrender Hagbard Celine & his submarine; I think the Players' "syndicate" has enough seagoing hardware to please the armchair admiral in all of us; I'm even willing to forego all references to the JFK assassination (if you knew Josiah 'Tink' Thompson as well as I do, you'd likely be willing to forego references to the Kennedy assassinations INDEFINATELY) - but for GOD'S SAKE, Len, after 192 pgs., I'm just getting warmed up! You realize, of course, that sequels are in order. Soon. Or else I'll get you a lifetime membership in the Committee to Re-Elect the President. Or ask Kerry Thornley to take you off his mailing list.

Seriously: **FREEPLAY** is a well-written, riveting, thoroughly enjoyable read that EASILY earns my respect for the author, and whets my appetite for more, & more. From Cam's initial meeting with Tancredo in a bar straight out of Sam Spade's old haunts, to the debacle in Moscow, to the Nirvanic finale, **FREEPLAY** kept me glued to the page. The characters are not only fascinating, but thoroughly human - I saw a number of friends from days gone by - and it would take a worse cynic than myself, or someone totally devoid of imagination, not to "live" each scene in this deftly-crafted game. The pace is fast, the story fun, & **FREEPLAY** deserves to be read & re-read, most lovingly, on either side of the Holy Writ. Again, my only complaint: these characters, these situations, this storyline, deserves at least 900-1000 pages, all told - so, Len, get cracking. I'm sure I'm not the only one awaiting the sequelae.

FREEPLAY by Len Bracken, available from Backbone Books at the address given up front in this review. Buy it. Read it. Multiple breasts, some blood, one exploding Soviet Dissident, peripheral beasts. An unprecedented FOUR chainsaws, because I like it. Three snaps up, in the "Zorro" configuration. Wayne says check it out.

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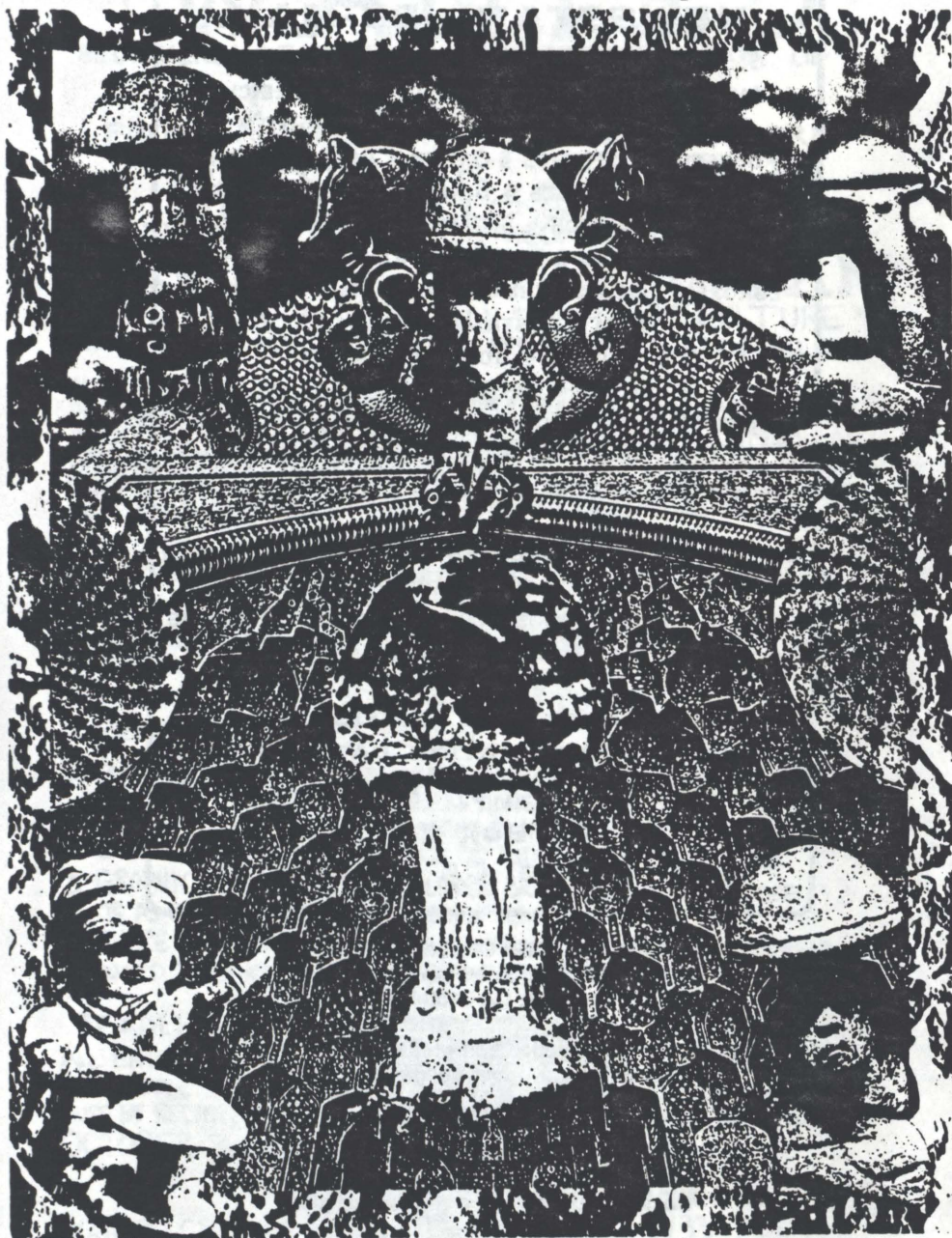
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- Aspects of Chaosophy -



Frater Harpo Ben Ishmael Bey

(NOTES)

THE CHRISTIAN COMMUNION, OF COURSE, COMMEMORATES THE ANCIENT RITE OF HUMAN SACRIFICE. THE CATHOLIC MASS IS A MAGICAL RITE CONTINUOUSLY CONSECRATING THE ROMAN CHURCH'S MONOPOLY ON THE PRODUCTION AND DISTRIBUTION OF HOLY BLOOD BEVERAGES AND CHRIST COOKIES. IF YOU BEHAVE AND EAT ALL THE COOKIES YOU WILL WIN AN ETERNAL VACATION IN THE MAGIC KINGDOM. THE BODY OF CHRIST THE FISHLOAF STILL FEEDS THE MULTITUDES, DOLED OUT IN PORTIONS CALCULATED TO MOVE THE FAITHFUL EVER-CLOSER TO THE HEREAFTER... THOUGHT EXPERIMENT: DEFINE CHRIST COOKIE RACKET IN THE JARGON OF THE DRUG ABUSE INDUSTRY... THE VAMPIRE IS THE DAMNED SPIRIT, DENIED MASS AND EXTREME UNCTION, WHO HANGS AROUND FEEDING ON THE BLOOD AND SOULS OF THE FAITHFUL. HE INHABITS THE BODY OF ONE OF THOSE GARGOYLES, NEGLECTED BY THE FAITH, THAT CLIMBED DOWN FROM THE GOTHIC CATHEDRALS TO WANDER THE COUNTRYSIDE WITH ALL THE OTHER OUTLAWS—MYSTICS, TEMPLARS, ROSICRUCIANS, ALCHEMISTS, GNOSTICS, WITCHES, SABATIANUS, FREE SPIRITS, LOLLARDS, SUFIS, HERETICS AND INFIDELS.....

THE CIVILIZATION OF ANCIENT GREECE JES' GREW FROM A CONFLUENCE OF BLACK AFRICAN EGYPTIAN SEMITIC CULTURES. ARE NEO-HOODOO AND CYBERVOODOO CURRENTS, THEREFORE, NEAREST OUR ROOTS IN THE UNDERGROUND SOURCE? APPROPRIATELY, IT IS ONLY "OCCULTISTS" AND CONSPIRACY-MONERS WHO WORK IN THESE AREAS—THESE AREAS HAVING BEEN INTENTIONALLY HIDDEN FROM VIEW BY CENTURIES OF PARTISAN REALITY FABRICATION UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF POWERFUL INTERESTS.

ALL OF THE TRADITIONS AND ENDURING THOUGHT-FORMS ARE AS LEAVES ON A GREAT TREE, A TREE THAT RISES UPON VAST FRACTAL ROOTWORKS IN THE INNER WORLD.

WE SEEK THE SECURITY OF HELPLESSNESS IN AN ABSENCE OF ALTERNATIVES, SO, FOCUSING ON A FEW LEAVES AS BEING TRUE AND HOLY, WE DISCARD THE REST IN A VAST COMPOST. THE TREE IS ENFEEBLED, OUR PRECIOUS LEAVES BEGIN TO CURL—AND YET, IN THE COMPOST, SEEDLINGS DEPLOY TAPROOTS IN SEARCH OF THE SOURCE, AND WE ARE STRUCK BY A VAGUE MEMORY THAT THE WORLD WAS ONCE A FOREST AND THAT EVERY GROVE WAS SACRED, LONG BEFORE CARPENTERS AND CAMEL TRADERS TOOK UP HOLY LANDSCAPING; LONG BEFORE EARTHLY BODIES WERE ORDERED TO IMITATE THE MECHANICAL PREDICTABILITY OF HEAVENLY BODIES (AND NO FALLING STARS, PLEASE). THE MIRACLE RESIDES IN THE TREES, NOT IN THE RAW FORCE OF SOL INVICTUS... CHAOSUFISM, THE WEIRD WAY.

REVIEWS *by Keith*

FREEPLAY by Len Bracken, c/o Backbone Books, 5714 N. 11th St. 1A, Arlington, VA 22205. 10 bucks for a handcrafted edition. A fine science fiction book with an anarchist slant. Set in what appears to be the near future it brokenly mirrors the activities of a group called The Players. Like me and thee, they are caught up in the implosive/deadening dance of the Twentieth Century, only where me and thee might be barely coping, they are swirling the chaos to their own design.

PROFANE EXISTENCE. POB 8722, Minneapolis, MN 55408. 1 dollar. Anarcho-punk mag from Minneapolis that talks a little nasty and dresses a little grungy and has a safety pin in its ear (or is that terribly passe in this era of punkture?). There's a good section of international anarchist news and interviews with Pollution Circus, Holocaust, and Cringer. Articles on vegetarianism, a Woman's Guide to Alternative Health Care and lots of reviews of zines and music.

THE MERRY MOUNT MESSENGER. 3605 El Camino Real, Box 27, Santa Clara, CA 95051. \$2.50. Newsletter of the only pagan activist group I know of. Articles on the Mohawk's fight to preserve their ancestral homelands from being turned into a golf course, squatter's rights in New York, and the destruction of the Amazon rainforest.

THINK FOR YOURSELF, SCHMUCK No. 8. POB 22551, Memphis TN, 38122-0551. I don't see a price. 2 bucks will work, I bet. One of the most DC-like zines around, dancing around politics and hallucination and cybernetics and comics and such. Some of the best things in this issue include Jeffery Lewis revealing his apocalyptic dreams, a continuation of Mark Twain's "Letters From the Earth", and Mark Weber suggesting a radical re-evaluation of WWII events.

OVO No. 7. Trevor Blake, POB 23061, Knoxville, TN 37933-1061. 5 bucks. Special issue on "Information" in all of its pixilating manifestations. I'm impressed, especially by the article on how to build a dream machine, a call for Surrealist intervention into current politics, Walter Alter on utilizing television for intelligence increase, and the dozens of contacts to people and zines and indy music.

MONKEYWRENCH No. 3. Box 92007, Santa Barbara, CA 93190-2007. 2 bucks. Good forum for leftist dissenters.

THE SHADOW Nos. 12, 13, 14, 15. POB 20298, New York, N.Y. 10009. \$1.00. Anarchist community paper from the Lower East Side in New York. They're concerned with things like the raising of rents, gentrification of their neighborhoods, actions taken against the homeless and the restriction of free speech, although the latest issue understandably is mostly concerned with the war. One of my favorite mags, and every town needs something like this.

ANOMALY I and II. Abscond, Box 3112, Florence, AL 35630. 5 bucks per. Cassette magazines, edited by Jake Berry and comprised of pieces of "experimentally" fractured poems and music, performed by the likes of Berry, Malok, and Miskowski. These tapes are very hallucination-imagination-provoking, I'd say, and so much more rewarding than listening to Top 40 linear quunk that it's not even funny.

BLACK EYE #9. 339 Lafayette, Suite 2, New York, New York 10012. \$1.50. Interesting anarchist rag, although a little thick going if you don't know the buzzwords. This issue has articles on the Poll Tax Riot in England, oppression of bike messengers in New York, first hand accounts of Tiananmen Square and Chinese Red Guard sex comics by Jay Kinney.

AN ANARCHIST'S GUIDE TO THE BBS by Keith Wade, Loompanics Unlimited, POB 1197, Port Townsend, WA 98368. No price noted. A thorough description, so far as I can tell, of how to use computer bulletin boards for anti-authoritarian purposes.

THE PROJECT. A-Albionic Consulting and Research, POB 20273, Ferndale MI 48220. Free copy on request. Conspiracy theory maintaining that the Vatican and its minions are locked in combat with the British Empire for control of the world.

BALDER #2. The Studio, Chalkpit Farm, Englefield, Berks, RG75EE, England, UK. Request. Scholarly journal of a fraternity interested in Western spiritual traditions. It's expensive (\$70) to join, but there seem to be a number of benefits to offset the cost. Send IRCs if you are requesting information.

ZERO HOUR #3. POB 766, Seattle WA, 98111. 3 bucks. I liked the last issue, but this theme issue on "Sex", didn't really make my skirt fly up. Seemed like a replay of the same old black leather angst with not much in the way of new insights or imagination.

INFOCULT #2. POB 3124, East Hampton, NY 11937. 2 bucks. Give Johnny Walsh credit. He covers some of the same stuff that DC and OFF THE DEEP END do, like hypnotic voodoo men-paranormal poets-cannibal tribes-homicidal ghost-howling universes and such, but, just getting started with his zine, he doesn't seem to have tapped into the real Lowbed of Hot Weirdness out there.

DEMONIA. Comedit, 15 cite Joly, 75011, Paris, France. I don't see a price, so you'll have to inquire, or at least submit. Slick French language digest of domination, black leather, latex, sex appliances, flagellation and other practices to while away the otherwise dull wait in the dentist's office. Lots of erotic photography. I'm of two minds about this publication. While I don't have much interest in ballgags and titclamps and that kind of thing, do have an appreciation for nude photography. Some of the photos and drawings here aspire to that direction, certainly moreso than the burgerplatter style of American skinmags.

THE SPIRITUAL REVOLUTIONARY VOLUME 1, S/R Press, POB 60327, Palo Alto, CA 94306-0327. 20 bucks. This is the compilation of the first 9 issues of TSR. If you liked WAR IN HEAVEN by Kyle Griffith, you'll no doubt find this,

consisting of letters to and responses from Kyle and Luna, interesting and perhaps even important.

COUNTERFEIT CURRENCY by M. Thomas Collins, Loompanics Unltd., POB 1197, Port Townsend, WA 98368. 15 bucks plus 3 for shipping and handling. Book detailing the tricks of the trade of counterfeiting money. Indispensable, I should think, if you are planning on going into that line of work. And, gang? Don't forget that I trade for publications.

SURVIVING IN PRISON by Harold S. Long. Loompanics, address above. 15 dollars plus 3 shipping. Although primarily positive, offering information to the incarcerated or about to be, there is a claustrophobic darkness about this book that gets to you. Not surprising since the author has been behind bars for 10 years. I think it's a classic, and I hope I never have to bone up on his advice.

THE ALARM, #3. 2518-4 Seaford Circle, Tampa, FL 33613. \$1. Lance Klafeta puts out a pretty good anarchist paper, even if it does have a holier-than-thou attitude toward the "illiterate misanthropes" that comprise the rest of the circle A vortex.

VAGUE 16/17. Available from Flatland (see ad or review), since I'm not sure the address is current. \$7. This is a slick Brit production from 1984 on the theme of "psychic terrorism", and some of the content is stunning, namely Genesis P. Orridge on Control, Klaus Maeck on Muzak, and Tom Vague on the Situationists. My criticism is that the mag is a bit obsessed with youthful "Let's take over the world by playing rock real loud!" type values.

ON GOGOL BOULEVARD No. 6. 151 First Ave. #62, New York, NY 10003. 5 bucks for 4 issues, checks payable to the Aspects Foundation. Excellent connecting point for Western and Eastern Bloc activists, primarily of the anarchist persuasion. Lots of addresses and interchange.

LOVE AND RAGE, Nos. 6 & 7 & 8. POB 3, Prince St. Station, NY, NY 10012. 1 dollar. Mag attempting to be "the" anarchist voice for the country. Some shrillness here that recalls their reported communist roots, but I can't fault them for their enthusiasm, and they seem to gradually be putting together something reflective of a wider range of approaches.

ANARCHY, A JOURNAL OF DESIRE ARMED Nos. 26 & 27. 2 dollars to C.A.L., POB 1446, Columbia, MO. 65205-1446. Theme issues on, respectively, "anti-work" and "children and anarchy". I was particularly taken by the article "Ageism" by Su Negrin, a neo-Summerhillian (I guess) who says it's perfectly okay to let your kids run fuckin' wild (and this was a relief for me), but there's plenty to like and chew in these issues. One of the best mags coming out of the milieu.

X no. 3. The Collective, POB 350395, Tampa, FL 33695. Free, it appears. Slim leftist tabloid bitching that, at this rate, we'll all end up as cannon fodder. These guys could use contributions of material, and a lettercol would help heat things up.

MAGIC WARS #1. Joseph Kerrick, POB 17231, Philadelphia, PA 19105. 2 bucks. Joseph is an LSD-influenced Christian who shows up in DC now and again. In

this most recent installment of his "definative word" he suggests that the Christian communion may have been literal cannibalism.

MIKE FILM DISTRIBUTION FORM #7. Mike Film, POB 382, Baltimore MD 21203, US@. Trade. Tentatively A Convenience has the unabashed temerity to send me a bunch of microfilm and documentation of other's artful or curious usage of same. One guy pasted some on the tomb of the unknown sailor in the Ukraine. Some was left on a shelf in the bathroom of a lesbian medical student prostitute named Inqa. Bob Black swallowed some and used some to initiate someone into their first... oh, never mind.

APOCALYPSE CULTURE, edited by Adam Parfrey. Feral House, POB 861893, LA, CA 90086-1893. \$12.95. Paperback tour of the world's vivid dissolution (with hints of renewal?) circa 1991, with sidetrips on familiar obsessions like latterday lycanthropy, necrophilia, the dark reaches of performance art, body mutilation/adornment, The Process, Jack Parsons and L. Ron Hubbard, Reich & UFOs, and Freemasonry. Familiar faces are seen slumming here (Greg Krupey, Hakim Bey), as well as famous ones (Anton La Vey, Elijah Muhummud, Oswald Spengler, Charles Fort). A good primer for those not immersed in chaos culture, as well as an enjoyable read and resource for those who are.

THE TONGUE BEARER'S DAUGHTER/IN THE VELVET DARKNESS. Luna Biscote Prods, 137 Leland Ave., Columbus, Ohio 43214. No price listed, try a trade. Surrogate Ace doubleback with S. Gustav Hagglund's S&M-inspired poems and collage, and a Jake Berry piece on the flipside. Jake's mad writings are an antidote for another sort of madness: 20th century sanity. No doubt his "essays" function on levels I'm not aware of, but one level is the abandonment or randomizing of overtly sensible meaning-threads, which tends (to my eye) to expose larger meaning "ground" beneath. I'm happy to have had the opportunity to explain this to you.

FLATLAND. POB 2420, Fort Bragg, CA 95437-2420. Mention Dharma Combat and praise its editor highly and receive this catalog for free. Items not dissimilar to the ones I review in this col.

INTERVENTION ("LEFTWRIGHT"). Available from Flatland (above). \$16.00. Australian trade paperback mag, this issue on radically politicized writing. A good deal of interesting (even brilliant) stuff here, but overly academic for my taste. If you're jazzed on Semiotics, Derrida, Irigaray and Deconstruction, then you'll disagree with that assessment.

DARK LILY #12. BCM/Box 3406, London, WC1N 3XX, England. Good contact point for Satanists (and occultists of other persuasions), although I have yet to run into one who really believes in Satan.

XXX No. 1. John Kelly, 82 Kimball Ave., Yonkers, NY 10704. 2 bucks. Mag of violent and "hardboiled" themes. Nice production with a blood-splattered cover, and, while most of the material strikes me as lackluster, there are a few excellent items (like the review of "Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer" by Patrick Gleason). I imagine the quality will increase as Kelly builds a stable of writers.

CHEROTIC MAGIC. Spiritual Revolution Press, POB 60327, Palo Alto, CA 94306-0327. 15 dollars. Good discussion and primer of spiritual transformation by Frank Moore, who is apparently on the make for apprentices. There's much of value here (I particularly enjoyed Moore's concepts about the nature of reality) but I distrust a process that asks for total submission of student to guru (whose main qualification seems to be admitting that he knows he doesn't know) for "erotiplay" and various other transformational methods. Why not let the student know that he doesn't know, too (about the truth of said guru, for instance)?

WORLDWIDE GROWTH AND IMPACT OF 'HOLOCAUST REVISIONISM'. Institute for Historical Review, 1822 1/2 Newport Blvd., Suite 191, Costa Mesa, CA 92627. 75 cents. Holocaust revisionists, most of them, don't deny that concentration camps existed, or that there were atrocities during WWII; what they deny is "...a deliberate German policy of systematic extermination of Jews, such policy implemented mainly by mass-murder in gas chambers in extermination camps, with the total number of dead in the area of four to six million or even more." Right or wrong, their detractors prefer to burn books and appeal to court prosecution, rather than debate. This is a 50 pg. summation of the issue, past and present, from a revisionist view.

NO WORLD ORDER. Pob 23212, Seattle, WA, 98102. No price listed. Anarchist antivir mag, with a decent statement of the philosophy, as well as a list of multinationals contributing to the war effort.

THE SECRET GOVERNMENT, THE ORIGIN, IDENTITY AND PURPOSE OF MJ-12 by Milton William Cooper. Available from National UFO Museum, POB 20593, Sun Valley, Nv 89433. So far we've received two copies of this paper, anonymously and from different sources. It purports to be the lowdown on the US government long-term collaboration with the aliens. Crackerjack government disinformation meant to conceal activities by guys much more sinister than the big-nosed greys.

BILL COOPER AND THE NEED FOR MORE RESEARCH (UFOS, CONSPIRACIES, AND THE JFK ASSASSINATION) by W. Jones & R. Minshall. Draft copy. MidOhio Research Associates, 5837 Karris Square Drive, Box 162, Dublin, Ohio 43017. No price listed. Overdue although much too short analysis of the Bill Cooper saucer revelations and the Kennedy assassination.

AFFIRMATIONS by Hilman Holcomb. Christian Technocracy, POB 80403, Las Vegas, NV 89180. Request, most likely. Hilman maintains that the world is enslaved by Khazar Mongolians via price system despotism, although he describes the situation in much more derogatory terms.

SOCIETE vol. 3 no. 2. Suite 310, 1317 N. San Fernando Blvd., Burbank, CA 91504, \$5.00. Interesting mag providing glimpses into a religion that many of us know about only through Karloff movies: Voodoo. It's published by serious practitioners of transplanted African religions and gets into fairly scholarly discussions of religions that are totally different than those practiced by most Americans. Oh, really? It always provides an interesting (and slightly spooky) read.

FACTSHEET FIVE. 6 Arizona Ave., Rensselaer, NY 12144-4502. \$3.50. Largest listing of current underground publications available. The downside is for every interesting rag there's a hundred put out by splatter-pinheads, tie-dyed-Trek-punks and adobe fetishists.

GNOSIS. POB 14217, San Francisco, CA 94114. \$4.00. One of the best "serious" magazines being done on the subject of spiritual and metaphysical paths. It doesn't take the view of believing in everything that goes bump like most of the New Age periodicals around. Nary a \$29.95 Atlantean crystal headband to be seen in these pages, in other words. Each issue is on a different theme, and some of the topics that have recently been covered include 'Magic', 'Channelling', and 'Secret Societies'.

TRAJECTORIES. POB 700305, San Jose, CA 95170. 20 bucks per year. Edited by Robert Anton Wilson, this is a futurist mag, but not as stuffy as THE FUTURIST. It's a little pricey for the dinky size (Libertarianism, anyone?), and the content varies depending on whether Wilson is doing the writing, but each issue usually has a number of mindblowing items. Let me see, if I priced DC the same per page, then a sub would work out to... I'm totting this up on my fingers... \$22,000 a year...

SAUCER SHEAR. POB 1709, Key West, FL 33041. Request. This is where the flying saucer fanatics go to hash and bash it out, arguing up the latest concerns in the saucer community. Pretty fun.

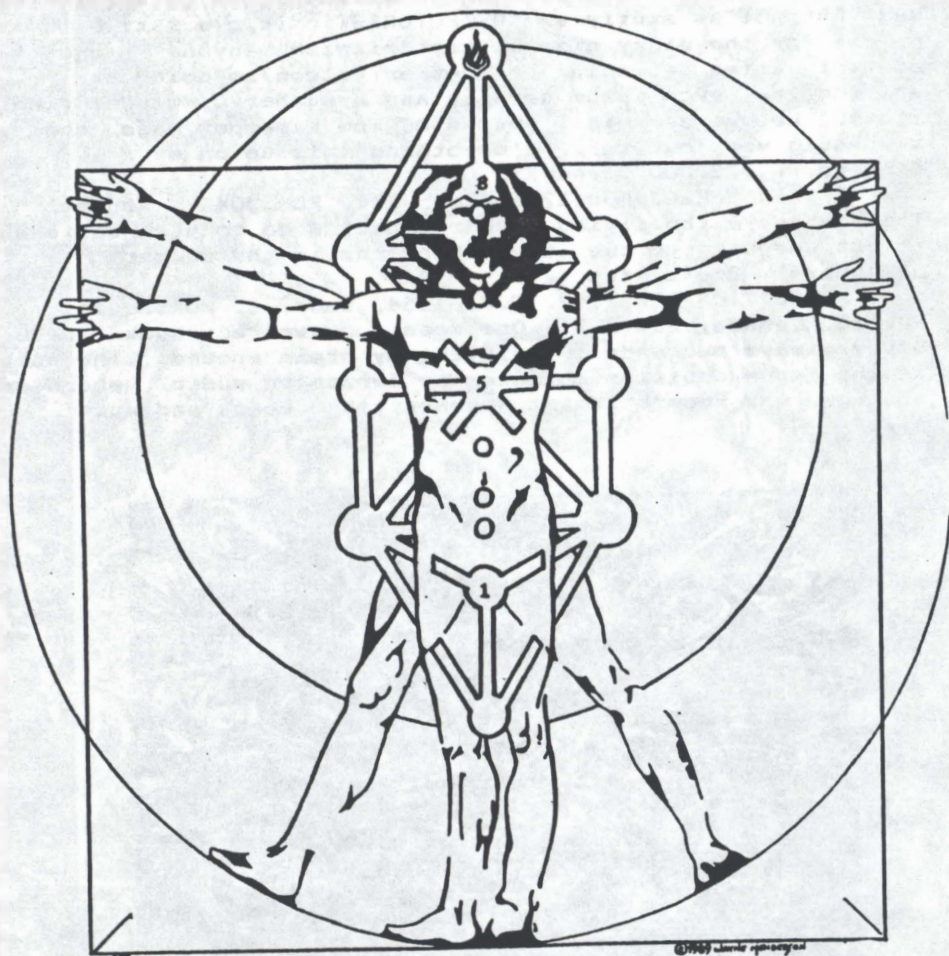
DEMOLITION DERBY #2. C.P. 1554, Succ. B, Montreal, Quebec, Canada, H3B 3L2. One measly conspiracy buck. Demo Derby always succeeds in twisting my brain around. The most recent issue contains articles by Zerzan on music, Debord on Noriega, the Separationist Movement in Quebec, and much else.



The Sefiroth:

A Radical Interpretation

part 2



by Wayne Henderson

Last time around, I laid a bit of groundwork about the Temple itself, as well as touching a few points to which we'll return, later on. This time around, I intend to show a few of the major connective points between Jewish Templar mysticism & the earlier systems upon which it's based.

10: A FEW WORDS ABOUT SYNCRETISM -- Syncretism is the technical term used to describe the hybridization of a corpus of religious beliefs by way of exposure to another religion, whether prolonged exposure (as in neighboring cultures) or rapid, climactic admixture (as in event of invasion); while other methods of syncretic hybridization exist, these two are of primary interest in our current line of investigation. The first method, which could be likened to a form of selective spiritual osmosis, is the major method by which much of the groundwork was laid -- within the context of Jewish mysticism/esotericism -- for the inclusion of shamanic practices of high antiquity; the second method, resembling (to continue the 'medical' analogy) injection via hypodermic, is responsible for the format in which these practices were retained, as well as for the fragmentary nature of remnants themselves.

10a: First, let's take a look at osmosis -- the overwhelming thrust of Patriarchal/Mosaic Judaism, as a quick reading of the 'historical' books of the Bible will show, places this particular religious system well within the framework of the "marginal isolates" described by Riane Eisler & others: pastoral, warlike, acquisitive in a violent way, the initial thrust of early historical Judaism was the aggrandizement & enrichment of the tribes of the Habiru confederacy, not the continuation of a peaceful, spiritually-oriented system of mystical discipline. Indeed, if the early historical tribes were noted for anything in particular by their contemporaries, it was their tendency to slaughter all the males & rape or sell into slavery all the females of any culture/tribe unfortunate enough to be living along their path. This is not to be taken as a condemnation of modern Judaism, by any means (I myself was raised in a mixed Jewish/Catholic family); this is simply to lay the historical groundwork, using the best available information regarding, as the dictum has it, "Other people, other times". How is it, then, that this Semitic version of the distant, yet roughly contemporary, Indo-Aryan invaders, came to have an esoteric system of remarkable advancement & beauty? A lot of it has to do with the survivors of the Habiru invasion of Palestine -- the Hittites, Hurrians, and others -- among whom the majority of these practices were already in use.

That the invaders spoke a language rather closely related to those of the indigenous peoples is a given; apparently all of the Semitic tongues descend, via one path or another, from the Sumerian -- hence, to say that the invaders & invadees spoke languages roughly as close as, say, modern German & modern Dutch -- or perhaps a better analogy would use modern Spanish & Italian -- would be close enough for comparison. Hence the constant warnings, in those sections of the Bible's historical works, against adopting the religious practices of the conquered peoples; you don't normally adopt a culture, language, or corpus of

religious belief/practice that you can't understand; add to this the fact that most of the religious technical terms in use by both conquerors & conquered were, by virtue of common descent from Sumerian, analogous (if not identical; compare the Habiru 'Holy Name' "El/Eloah/Elohim" to the 'Holy Names' used in the other Semitic languages); even such mundane religious terms as Nephesh, "Spirit" (Akkadian 'Napishtu') & Ner, "candle" (Amorite 'Nuras', Akkadian/Assyrian/Babylonian 'Naru') would be understood with only a bare minimum of difficulty by the invaders & subject tribes (rather, the survivors thereof) alike.

And exactly what is it that the invaders adopted from the subject peoples? Again, semantics can give us quite a few clues; while we're going to return to semantics in the next article of this series, in a big way, it wouldn't hurt to lay a few points on the table, here: a detailed look at practical terms (such as the Heb. 'Shimmush', "Theurgy", which appears to be descended from the Sumerian terms meaning "Understanding of the breath/vind?") aside (next installment), there are 'unusual' terms, words used in both the Hebrew Bible & in the mystical literature, which give us clues by virtue of the fact that 1) they describe things, practices, or concepts in Jewish ritual that are obviously alien in origin, or 2) they have no place in 'classical' Jewish theology.

10b: The inclusion, by way of osmosis, of ideas alien to the original thrust of Judaism can both surprise & amuse the modern seeker. A reading of the Hebrew Scriptures will show that reincarnation wasn't a part of the Jewish worldview, ever, right? Guess again -- the Kabbalists use the term 'Gilgulim' (with a secondary meaning of 'transformations') to describe reincarnation. Karma? The Hebrew technical term is 'Tikun'. Annihilation of the Ego? Bittul Ha-Yesh. Our own beloved Dharma? Hovot Halevavot, which translates, literally, as "duties of the heart". And what of the jewel that is said to reside "at the heart of the Lotus"? We need look no farther than the word Sefirah (of which Sefiroth is the pluralization); sefirah is derived from the Hebrew Sappir -- from whence comes our own word, "sapphire" -- we'll see, later, why a particular jewel is named, rather than simply using the generic term for jewel.

Jewish mysticism speaks of transcending the body, known as the 'husk' (Heb. Qlippot, Husks, spoken of as that which separates us from our source, our goal, and one another), as one of the most important aspects of the esoteric practice: the practitioner is admonished to pull all her/his essence into mystical prayer (Hitbonenut, 'meditation'), "Proceeding... with such concentration that he loses awareness of himself..." (Keter Shem Tov 72b; see also Or Ha-Emet 2b, Shemush Tovah 79b-80a); indeed, the warning is given that, before entering into the mystical states, one should "Decide that you are ready to die in that very prayer; there are some people so intense...", the text goes on to say, "...that if not for a miracle, they would die after uttering only two or three words." (Zava'at RIVaSH 4b-5a; 6b-7a; Liqutim Yeqarim 1a; Siftey Zaddiquim 29c; the present translation is a conflate of these several versions, done for clarity).

Indeed, Exoteric Judaism seems a totally different religion, when compared to its mythic sister; of course, modern Judaism (to tell the truth) bears little resemblance to its ancient progenitor. Far be it from the ancient Patriarchs to practice ahimsa (total harmlessness; while alien to the Habiru tribes, the concept does indeed have ample Scriptural basis, in the early chapters of Genesis), or to strive for Devekut (the mystical cleaving unto the Deity, "becoming One with God"), as the modern practitioner is instructed to do in such standard works as the *Maggid Deverav Le-Ya'aqov* (69a) -- theirs was a vicious, bloodthirsty deity, to be served, at a safe distance, only by an elite hereditary priesthood -- not a loving & yes, ANDROGYNOUS Deity who desired only that we love one another...

10c: Now we come to the other main point of comparison, that other method whereby exotic ideas came to be included in historical Jewish mysticism: the 'injection' method, that is, enforcement of a new idea upon an indigenous people by an invader.

Solomonic Templar practice, it must be admitted, can hardly be said to descend from one single source. The Habiru tribes had a 'Sukkah' (booth or arbor) cultus, extant, which they carried with them into Palestine; and while the descriptions given of the mobile temple (actually more of a road-show tent) seem to conform to the overall dimensions of the much-later temple structure, all but the most diehard fundamentalists nowadays admit that we have no true description of the tent itself, those retained in Scripture being an anachronism. While the cultus of the Sukkah was most certainly imposed upon the Palestinian culti & forms, we need to once again look northward to find the origins of the temple design used at Jerusalem.

Solomon's Temple is easily recognized as a prime example of the "Livan" or "Long House" type temple, a form imported, via the Hittites & Akkadians, from the north. I hardly need to mention that the Longhouse format is the forerunner of our modern 'basilica' type churches & temples. Again, semantics tells us a lot: the three main areas of the Temple were given names common to all northern-type temples -- the front porch or portico, the 'Ulam, is derived from the Akkadian ELLAMU, "front room"; similarly the Hekal is derived from the Akkadian EKKALU (which in turn was derived from the Sumerian E-GAL, "large house"); and while some would attribute the designation Debir to the same root as the Coptic TABIR ("interior"), the best available parallel is from the local term Dabhar, "to speak" -- referring to the speech of the Oracle (the ark of the covenant), and closely related to the technical term Darash, "to seek", used to describe the activity of inquiring of an oracle... which was, quite exactly, the job of the very elite priesthood whose exclusive domain the Hekal & Debir were. It's interesting to note that, to this day, the Jewish technical term for a "preacher" -- from which descend, &/or to which relate, a body of terms including the aforementioned Dabhar & Darash, as well as the word for a

sermon or homily, 'Derash' (Yiddishe "Drosches"), is identical to the Sanskrit term for an 'audience' with the Deity -- "Darshan".

Northern influence is shot all through the Temple: its placement over a Sacred Rock (the threshing-floor of Araunah, which gives name to the modern-day inhabitant of the site, the Dome of the Rock Mosque), the location on a mountain-top, the extensive use of wooden vainscoting, & even the pillars Boaz & Jachin (derived from the central Asian stupa, which also inspired the obelisk designs from farther west, and the menhirs of Europe). Further, if you check the Pentateuch, two products in particular (among a great many) which the people were to deliver, as supply, to the Temple Priesthood, are important links to the northern origins of the Templar Cultus: Galbanum, a gum-resin, wasn't native to the local climes at all & had to be imported from -- you guessed it -- much closer to the Indus River valley, and one of the most important herbs specified for use by the Priesthood -- often misinterpreted as "incense" to be baked into the Temple bread -- was obviously brought from N. Indian shamanic practices: Hebrew Kineboisin, better known to us as Cannabis, or Ganja. It makes a lot more sense to bake bread with a bit of Bhang in it, than with a bit of inedible incense... especially when said bread is for use by a priesthood whose practices include consultation of an Oracle on a Sacred Rock, at the top of a mountain...

11: It should also be noted that syncretism gives us most of the modern beliefs of the Judeo-Christian worldview; aside from the esoteric practices lifted from the central Asian Shamans, there are also ideas (such as Heaven & Hell, the resurrection of the dead, and final judgement among others, all apparently borrowed from Zoroastrianism) that have been introduced, at various points in history & prehistory, from quite a few sources. To speak of syncretism in this context, when referring to a particular body of beliefs, should not be taken as a judgement on either the religion in question, nor on the modern practitioners thereof -- the entirety of modern Christianity owes equally as much to the same sources, and is further indebted to the Eastern & Mediterranean Mystery-Religions; as someone much wiser than I once said, take away from any entity all that it owes to others, and then let it be proud of itself, if it can. What is important here is neither the integral identity of any one dogmatic position, nor the relative merits/demerits thereof; what we're striving for, here, is the re-discovery of our common, shamanic heritage, that system of practice & belief that gave us the original impetus for our human longing for contact with the Divine -- and, hopefully, the basis for a new Communion, one that will transcend the present boundaries of 'Organized Religion', and bring us to the state of spiritual awareness foretold by the prophet, the Abbot Joachim of medieval Florence, who prophesied a day when the spiritual seeker, no matter whence her/his origin, would experience the Godhead directly, without the need of an intervening priesthood.

If you've stayed with me, so far, on this rather esoteric excursion, you may as yet be wondering, how can we be sure that there's something hidden, some deep secret in the Hebrew Bible -- how do we know taht this isn't just a

wild goose chase? Admittedly, there are entirely too many individuals & cults, these days, each claiming some special inspiration, most of them interpreting the Bible to the detriment of others -- just about any imaginable form of violence, bigotry, and perversion can be justified by a selective reading of the texts in question -- but my own research is based solely on 1) actual Rabbinical interpretations (as embodied in the extant Rabbinical writings), and 2) direct comparison to related religious literature & practice, limited to those showing an easily demonstrable connexion.

"Everything is from the perspective of those who receive; all this is said only from our own viewpoint, and it is all relative to our (current) knowledge... thus the tales related in Torah are simply her outer garments, and we be to the person who regards that outer garb as the Torah herself! For such a person will be deprived of a portion in the world to come. Thus David said, 'Open Thou my eyes, that I might behold wondrous things out of Thy Torah! (Ps. 119:18) -- that is to say, the things that are underneath... just as the vine must be kept in a jar to keep, so the Torah must be contained in an outer garment; the garment is made up of tales & stories, but we are bound to penetrate beyond..."

-- Zohar, 2:176a; 3:152a

It's been the position of the Rabbinical Esotericists that the Truth embodied in the Hebrew Bible is not to be found on the surface, but rather by a careful examination of what is underneath. This seems an odd attitude for heirs of a body of literature copied, letter by letter, laboriously, down through the millennia -- indeed, the slightest mistake in a copy of the Torah renders it unfit for use (even down to a single stroke of a single letter not being of the correct length or width) -- nonetheless, the Rabbim have gone so far as to say that

"Had the chapters of the Torah been given in their correct order, anyone who read them would be able to raise the dead..."

-- Midrash Tehillim, on Ps. 3

So the question now becomes, is there indeed a system, embodied in the corpus of the Hebrew Bible, of physical discipline intended to awaken the subtle energies used by the shamanic practitioner? The answer is a resounding YES, as we shall see in the next installment of this series.

(As an aside, I'd like to apologize for the brevity of this installment, and thank you, my gentle readers, for sticking with me; due to a recent transfer & masses of necessary legal paperwork on my appeal, the present installment didn't receive the amount of energy & attention I'd originally intended. Next installment, I promise to more than make up for the lack in this offering. Again, thank you!

with love,

Wayne Henderson

TANKS ARE INTIMIDATING

by Michael Drex



DOUG BEECHAN

Tanks in a tasteful urban setting; greening themselves under the trees in the park, taking a stroll down the avenue to the shopping mall... Are tanks acceptable decor for a city?

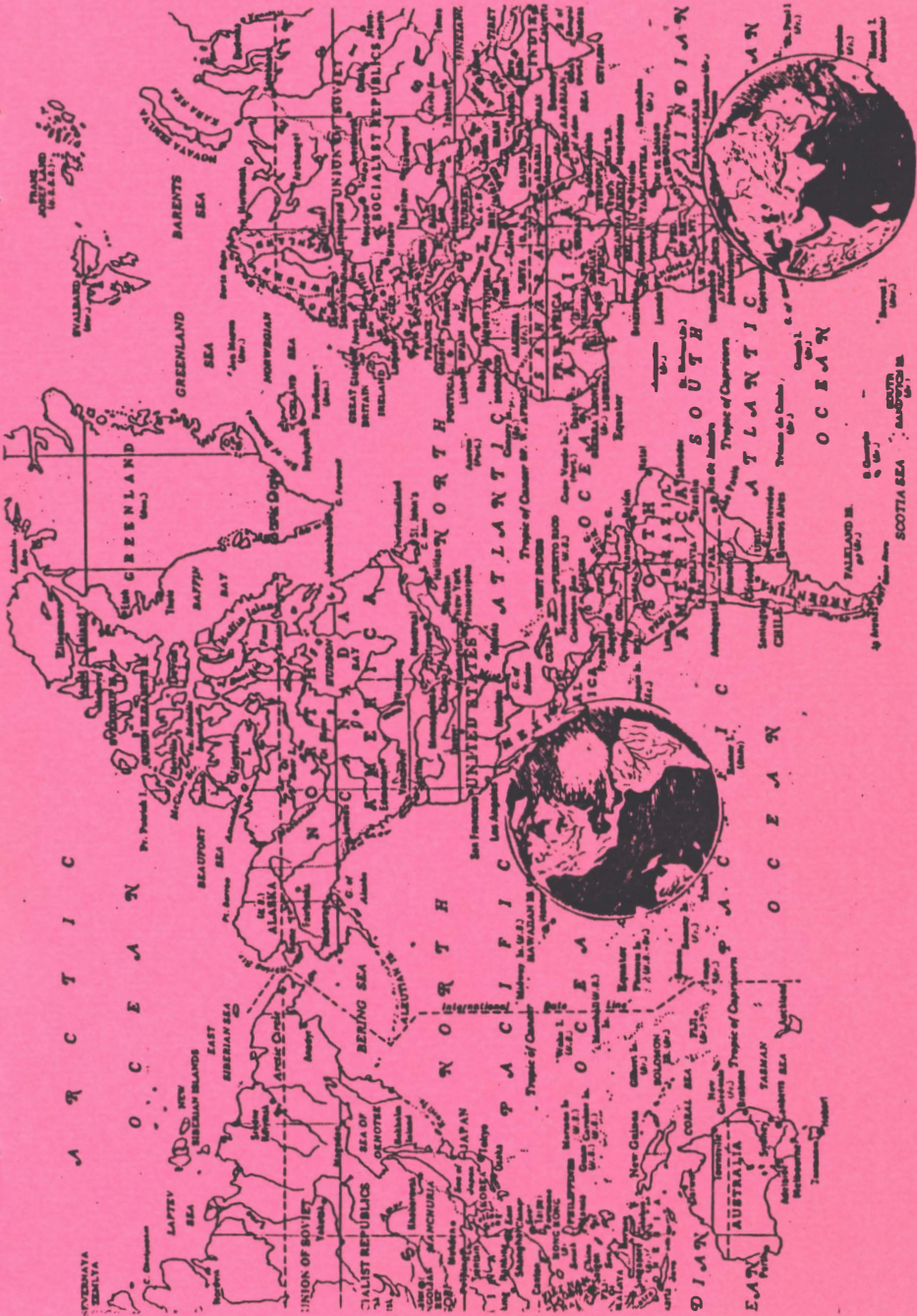
How long will it be before our government drives its tanks into your neighborhood? Impossible in America? Every day there are more soldiers; Army, Navy, Coast Guard; brought in to fight the War on Drugs. That is a war that is being fought on the streets of America. As the hysteria of the war mounts, cities will turn ever more into battle zones. First, in the hardcore gang areas, like Los Angeles, they have already set up roadblocks and checkpoints. Next, where you live. For your own good. Security. Safety. Protect the Innocent. Armed men patrol your street while you remain inside under a dusk to dawn curfew. Safe. Safe, and terrified.

It happened in Germany, just a few years ago, and it is happening right this minute on every continent of this globe. Policestateism is on the rise. And Americans would rather be safe than free.

How long will it be before tanks take up positions, keeping lonely vigils on street corners near you, taking their place as part of the 'social safety-net'?

Have you hugged your tank today?

BAVARIAN ILLUMINATI
BLUEPRINT FOR WORLD CONQUEST



SHOWN HERE FOR THE FIRST TIME

「女のコのほだし方」

女のコにはストイックにダンディに行かにゃいけんのヨ



女のコは、運命とかカミさまとかい

う言葉に、ココロをトキメかせる。

「運命的だ」と言って誘えばまずOK。

女のコときあうつうことは「それ相應のモノを頂戴する」コトだから、「チマ・ヒマ」二万方のコトを惜しまないっていうのが「ほだし方」の大前提だ。

なぜかつうと、長くつきあっていゝうちに、結婚するバヤイだってある。夫婦喧嘩になつて、彼女が、「あんたは、ただサシハしたかっただけなんだ……」っていわれたら、まるつき男の立場はないやね。そんな曲解ない思いをしないため

に、女のコを絶対その気にさせるは点で追い越し、真正面でバツタリ出

「ほだし方」からいゝうかネ。

まず、へたりののり達いには演

出を凝らすことゝあな。たとえば、街で可愛いコに出会ふのは、最悪の懷念だ。うまいやり方

会うように仕組むわけ。
「あ、また会いましたね、こんなに入通があるところ2度も会うなんて、偶然というより、運命的のしかいゝやうがないな、きつとカミさまの引き合せだな……」
女のコは、運命とか、カミさまとかいう言葉に、ココロをしめかせるものだから、グツとくる。それからお茶に誘えば、まずOKだね。でも、はじめての女のコを喫茶店に誘ふのは、あまりカシコイやり方じゃない。女のコにとって、喫茶店は、閉じ込められたつて気が鬱々から、ハゲンダツとか、ドトルルコーヒーとか、気軽に開放的な店のほうがいい。つまり、道路の延長線上つて気分場所でクドくことが、女のコの心を開かせるコツなんだ。小道具をつかつて、芝居で起る

絆す」と書いて〈ホダス〉と読む。本来の意味は、馬の足をつなぎとめる、っていうこと。

そこで、元祖ラッキー教・教祖でもある田代まさしが、どうしたら、スキな女のコの足……じゃない、身も心もつなぎとめることができるだろうか。と、女のコに手も足も出す、深刻に悩む子羊タチ救済のために立ち上がった。

それが、彼自身、アセとナミタと奮闘努力の結果会得した まさし流・女のコのほだし方、なのだ！

方法がある。たとえば、博多人形でもスイゲルでもいかに持ちつてい、運命的な出会いに成功したら、「これにあなたの名前をつけたい。なんていうお名前ですか？」
という。うん、といったら、
「よかった。いまからお前は、何子っていうんだぞ。好きだよ何子」
名前を選擇して、今さら後引けないつて気分にしちゃうわけ。
通学通車のなかで、「ボク……つめ女のコをほだすなら、いつか出会うの釣り草にぶら下がっているタシロです」とか書いた紙をどうやらさせるのもチマ。あるいは、友達に頼んで、ミスタードーナツで買った「はさみのトレイ」なんかは、追加コーヒーを載せて、「アチャコのお友だちから。お受けになってくださいな」といふ言葉を送ると嬉しい。彼女がこっぴどく向い